★ Sept. 12, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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RYE OR BOURBON

Two little letters that **MAKE** *a big evening* **PM**

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TONI FRISSELL

Step out proudly at ease in a Bergdorf Goodman SUIT

left:
Moss-green suit, soft in wool and rabbit hair, **$40**
The blouse designed to live happily with it, magenta-mauve rayon jersey, gently draped, $17. Black with a red blouse, too. Or wine with blue.

right:
Black wool suit with buttons the color of old gold, **$40**
Its congenial companion piece the old-gold rayon crepe blouse, $12. Also in brown with a light blue blouse; or completely green.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. This Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for last season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter, Beverly Bayne, and Robert Shayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish are filling in as Father and Mother while Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are on vacation. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Moves on Mon., Sept. 14, to the Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Carol Goodner and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Porgy and Bess—A superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it, including Todd Duncan and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Star and Garter—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a strange mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

This Is the Army—A magnificent successor to "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," with Irving Berlin's music and a fine all-military cast which includes Ezra Stone, Julie Oshins, and Philip Truex. An Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun. Extra Mat. Tues., Sept. 15, at 2:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Janie—A comedy by Josephine Bentham and Herschel Williams, based on Miss Bentham's novel of the same name, with Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Thurs., Sept. 10. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

The Morning Star—A play by Emlyn Williams, with Gladys Cooper and Cecil Humphreys. Staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Mon., Sept. 14. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The New Priorities of 1943—Harry Richman, Carol Bruce, and Bert Wheeler in a vaudeville show produced by Clifford C. Fischer and the Shuberts. Opens Tues., Sept. 15. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

Show Time—More vaudeville, this one with George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. Opens Wed., Sept. 16. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—An ice show, with a cast which includes a number of the performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Thurs., Sept. 10, at 2:40.)

Ice-Capades—Chester Hale is in charge of this production, in which there are about a hundred skaters. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Thurs., Sept. 10, at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sun.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Patience," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Sept. 10, 12, and 13; "Iolanthe," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Sept. 17, 19, and 20; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant spot for warm evenings, with music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The ice show, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra will be in the Fountain Room until it closes on Sat., Sept. 12. The Bowman Room will reopen on Mon., Sept. 14, with Heatherton's orchestra playing for dinner and supper dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra, a rumba band, and almost no sand. Felix Ferry is in charge. Tea dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra is currently playing for dancing in the Café Pierre from teatime on.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with puppets and an acrobatic dancer, will be replaced by a new one, with Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, on Wed., Sept. 16. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra leaves and Del Casino's takes over on the same night, and there'll be a change of rumba bands, too. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra provides music for dancing on the Viennese Roof.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Renée De Marco and her dancers are the whole show in the Café Lounge. Music by Roy Ross's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orchestra and the Terry Sisters' rumba band. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. On Thurs., Sept. 17, there will be a change of shows and Ben Cutler's orchestra will replace Maximillian Bergère's. Panchito's rumba band will stay on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays on the lofty Starlight Roof all evening. There's a show at the supper hour, as well as Mischa Borr's orchestra.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): this small, quiet place is scheduled to reopen on Thurs., Sept. 10, with Maxine Sullivan and Fred Keating heading the show. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Betty Bryant and other capable performers are carrying on while Spivy takes a vacation. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's

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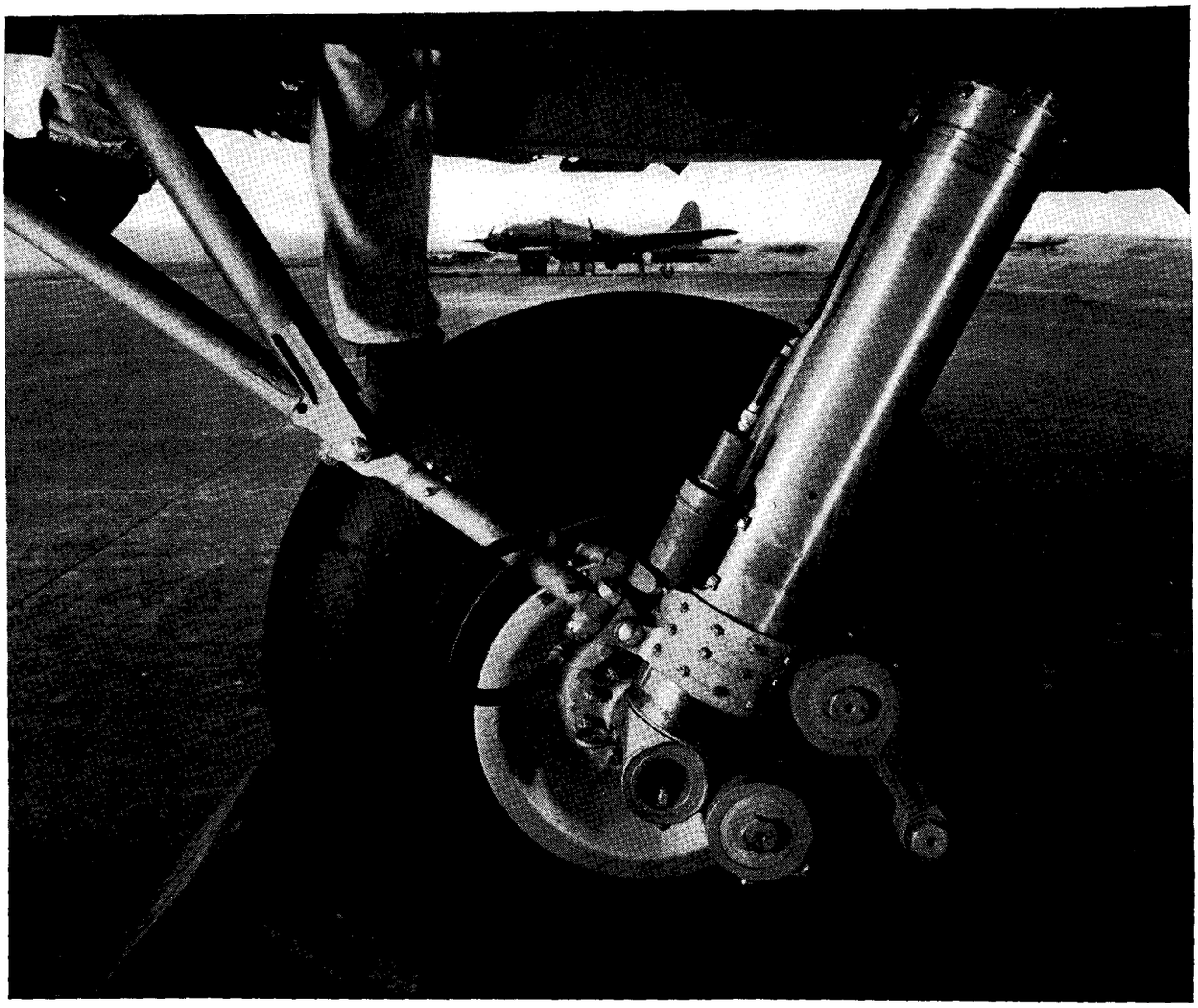

All set for an eighty-ton punch on the nose

In a perfect three-point landing, the landing gear must resist a force equal to the full weight of the airplane. In a moderately bad landing, the impact may double the force to be resisted. On a very bad one the force may be more than tripled.

Try these figures on a 25-ton airplane —a Boeing Flying Fortress,* for example —and you will see why the landing gear has to be able to take it, and take it, and take it.

The design and development of landing gear is part of Boeing engineering history. More than 18 years ago Boeing developed the first oil-hydraulic airplane shock absorber. This type of shock absorber is now in use on all large commercial and military airplanes, including the Flying Fortress.

That the landing gear of the Fortress *can* take it has been proved many times in severe drop tests made by the Army Air Forces at Wright Field . . . and in landings, equally severe, made at other fields—from Hawaii to the British Isles.

This extra-strong, extra-light landing gear is one of the many reasons why the crews of the Flying Fortresses are so loyal to the mighty bombers they fly. It is one of the extra margins of safety that make the Fortress such a rugged soldier in action. A pilot knows that, when necessary, he can ask a little more from this plane, and get it.

The success of the Boeing landing gear on the Flying Fortress is the result of years of research by Boeing structural engineers working to make stronger, lighter structures out of metal.

The increase in the strength of metal structures . . . together with the decrease in weight . . . is only one of the many projects which form a constant part of the Boeing engineering schedule.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Yvonne Bouvier and a small show, in addition to the Lamotte murals to look at.... 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts.... TONY'S, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): here, too, guests may have a go at gin rummy any time they want to; Cy Walter plays the piano.... PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

MISCELLANEOUS—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time, with Dick Wilson's orchestra.... ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra.... LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a new show.... CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; beginning Mon., Sept. 14, the Revuers and a rumba trio will be there too.... ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra will be replaced by Les Brown's on Mon., Sept. 14.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra.... NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Carl Hoff's orchestra will be replaced by Johnny Long's on Fri., Sept. 11; the ice show will stay on.... PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only.... WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and all that.... LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American setting, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a condensed version of "Of V We Sing," with Jack Gilford and other members of the Broadway cast.... HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.... 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much; Joe Frisco is around, too.... DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading the Billy Rose show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): the Revuers will be replaced by Billie Holiday on Tues., Sept. 15; Ammons and Johnson, as well as Lee and Lester Young's orchestra, will stay on.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this Village landmark.... HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band moved in here recently.... KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about this one, but there's Walter Fuller's band, in from the West.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

ART

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—Oils by Cranach, Fragonard, Feininger, Derain, Vlaminck, and others, from the sixteenth century to the present: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 26.

FRENCH—Oils by Courbet, Monet, Manet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 9.

GROUPS—At the WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Bemelmans, Owens, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Sept. 15.... PERLS, 32 E. 58: paintings by contemporary American, French, and Mexican artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 19.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: war posters and paintings by Benton, Curry, Bohrod, and others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 19.... MILCH, 108 W. 57: oils by Kroll, Laufman, Etnier, and other members of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sept. 30.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Brackman, Hurd, Pleissner, and other contemporary artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: drawings, mostly in color, done by the Index of American Design, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection (through Tues., Sept. 15); posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30); water colors of American scenes by Paul Petrovich Svinin, an early-nineteenth-century Russian artist (through Nov. 15). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.... The Museum has opened the residence of its former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, as a temporary branch, with the building's Spanish patio and part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor on view. Tues., Thurs., and Sat., from 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 17.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Recent acquisitions, in several media, by Léger, Picasso, Ernst, Hartley, and several more of the modern Europeans and Americans; also, a loan show of works by van Gogh, Matisse, and Gauguin, among others. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing which includes works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira, and Alexander Calder. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

SCULPTURE—The outdoor show of the Sculptors Guild this fall will include, in addition to the customary works by members, contributions from other artists of the United Nations and loan collections from the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan and Whitney Museums: Terrace Roof, International Bldg., Radio City. Tues., Sept. 15, through Oct. 15, daily from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

HERE AND THERE—At the COÖRDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES, 451 Madison, at 50: sculptures by Malvina Hoffman. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 18.... AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: cartoons and caricatures by British artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 25.

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LT. COL. BOB NEYLAND,

coach of the Eastern All-Army football team, which plays the New York Giants this Saturday at the Polo Grounds. He's better known, of course, as the University of Tennessee coach, having turned out seven unbeaten teams there in fourteen years. Lieutenant Colonel Neyland played three years on the varsity at West Point, served as a major in the last war, and has whiled away the twenty years of peace coaching, raising two children, and reading stories about the Wild West.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 19, at 2:30 P.M.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Fri., Sept. 11, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sun., Sept. 13 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon., Sept. 14, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 16-17, at 3 P.M.... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Sept. 10, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri., Sept. 11, at 3 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 12, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sun., Sept. 13 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 16-17, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri., Sept. 18, at 3 P.M., and Sat., Sept. 19, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Freddie Cochrane vs. Fritzie Zivic, welterweights, 10 rounds, Thurs., Sept. 10; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.; a U.S.O. benefit.

DOG SHOW—Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Sat., Sept. 19, at 10 A.M.; a Navy Relief Society benefit.

FOOTBALL—All-Army vs. Giants, Polo Grounds, Sat., Sept. 12, at 2:45 P.M. (military display starting at 2:15); a benefit for the Army Emergency Relief and Tribune Fresh Air Funds.

GOLF—Women's New Jersey State Championship, Upper Montclair C.C., Upper Montclair, Mon. through Fri., Sept. 14-18.... New Jersey State Seniors' Championship, Essex Fells C.C., Essex Fells, Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 15-17.... Metropolitan Golf Association Tournament, Garden City C.C., Garden City, Wed., Sept. 16.

HORSE SHOW—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 17-19, at 9 A.M.; an Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:45 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 19. (The Edgemere Handicap, Sept. 12; the Beldame Handicap and the Cowdin, Sept. 19.) Trains will leave Penn Station on Sat. at 11:44 A.M. and 1:08 P.M., and on other weekdays at 11:44 A.M. and 12:44 P.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sat. at 2:25 P.M. and other weekdays at 6:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 19. Trains to Westbury will leave Penn Station on Sat. at 12:57 and 1:14 P.M., and on other weekdays at 4:51 and 5:17 P.M.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week, daily through Sat., Sept. 12.... Regular championship series on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sun., Sept. 13, at 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the use of camouflage in civilian defense (through Sun., Sept. 13); also, a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Oct. 4). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.... MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and exhibits touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare. A good chance to have a look at a Messerschmitt and a Heinkel, both shot down over England, and at a German bomb sight. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION—Winning designs in the Fine Arts Federation's competition for plans to reconstruct Battery Park and preserve the Aquarium: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MINEOLA FAIR—This year's event will be the

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Double-woven Reindoe is a superb fabric of increasingly rare, fine-count cotton, heretofore found only in the most costly imports. Remember? Now, with typical American skill, Van Raalte creates a fabric of surpassing beauty in such distinctive styles as "Skipper" (right) and "West Point" (above). Have several pairs for Fall. At better stores $1.50.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

centennial exhibition of flowers and vegetables from Long Island's farms and gardens: Fair Grounds, Mineola, Tues. through Sat., Sept. 15-19, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. (Rodeo, daily at 1:30 and 8 P.M.; merchant-marine and Home Guard parade, Tues. at 1:30 P.M.; carrier-pigeon race, Tues. at 2 P.M.; old-fashioned cattle parade, Thurs. at 3 P.M.; Red Cross motorized-equipment parade, Thurs. at 3:30 P.M.)

BENEFIT—Fifteen gardens in Turtle Bay (entrance at 229 E. 48th St.) will be opened to the public, with casual entertainment and light refreshments, on Tues., Sept. 15, from 3:30 to 8 P.M., to raise money for British merchant seamen. (For tickets, call the British War Relief Society, CI 7-2300.)

ON THE AIR—News commentators: Cecil Brown, Sun., Sept. 13, at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, daily at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Alexander P. de Seversky, Sat. at 7:45 P.M., WEAF; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. ... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WINS; Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 6 and 8 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French eighteenth-century furniture, paintings, Gothic and Flemish tapestries, Oriental rugs, and Aubusson carpets, owned by Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, Mrs. Julia Marlowe Sothern, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 17-19, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

ACROSS THE PACIFIC—John Huston directed this one with the same fast pace that he put into "The Maltese Falcon." It's about (and against) Japanese spies, and features Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

BAMBI—The life of a Disney deer in a Disney forest, based, of course, on Felix Salten's book. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Sept. 10.)

CROSSROADS—There's nothing up-to-the-minute about this story of amnesia and blackmail, but William Powell, Hedy Lamarr, and Basil Rathbone make it a smooth piece of work. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat. Sept. 12.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Sept. 16.)

THE GOLD RUSH—The Chaplin triumph of the old days, revised with music and spoken narrative by the master himself to suit our modern tastes. Altogether, still a triumph. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 15-16.)

HOLIDAY INN—A light but sturdy musical, with the singing and dancing handled by a team that understands the work—Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. Words and music by Irving Berlin. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Sept. 15.)

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS—Booth Tarkington's novel about an overbearing young whippersnapper serves as the background for one of Orson Welles' gloomy but interesting productions. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., Sept. 16.... R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 11-17.)

MRS. MINIVER—Private lives in fighting England, and very stirring, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. How the war comes to a gentle, well-born family. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Wed., Sept. 16.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Sept. 11-15.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—Documentary film from Russia, showing the causes of Germany's retreat last winter. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Sept. 11.)

THE SPOILERS—The Rex Beach novel of Alaska and its Robert W. Service romances, which are not in the least beyond Marlene Dietrich's abilities. John Wayne and Randolph Scott are among the gentlemen concerned. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Sept. 10.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—A fine comedy with a dash of social significance. Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—The story of George M. Cohan and a great display of stage life, reviving the tunes and memories of his famous shows. With James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

REVIVALS

CAVALCADE (1933)—Noel Coward looking at England through the years. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 12-15.)

THE GHOST BREAKERS (1940)—Creepy and comic. Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 13-15.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 15-16.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 16-18.)

INTOLERANCE (1916)—D. W. Griffith's jumbo job, with a cast including everyone who was in pictures then and some who still are. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Thurs., Sept. 17.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. and Sun., Sept. 12-13.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 12-15.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 15-16.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 12-15.)

MAN HUNT (1941)—Spies and sportsmen in Germany and England. Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Sept. 11.... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 16-17.)

PEARLS OF THE CROWN (1938)—Sacha Guitry's story of some famous jewels. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Sept. 12-15.)

SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 15-16.)

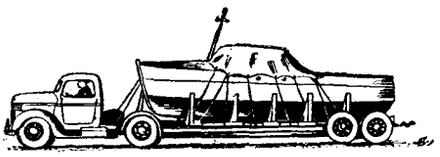
TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Thurs., Sept. 10.... Art, 36 E. 8; and Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Sept. 13-15.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Sept. 11.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS., SEPT. 10:** "Fährmann Maria" (1936), German film. **FRI. AND SAT., SEPT. 11-12:** "The Texas Rangers" (1936), Fred MacMurray, Jean Parker, Jack Oakie. **SUN. AND MON., SEPT. 13-14:** "One Hundred Men and a Girl" (1937), Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski. **TUES. AND WED., SEPT. 15-16:** "Professor Mamlock" (1938), Russian film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The war has created many thousand part- and full-time emergency jobs for people in this community who want to help out. In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign workers to such tasks, basing its judgments on the applicants' abilities and the hours each can spare, is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to put in their time with the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)



Among the most pressing current needs of the C.D.V.O., all of them of about equal importance, are (1) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens; (2) boys from sixteen to twenty-one, preferably with bicycles or skates, to be trained for emergency messenger duty; (3) women who, after taking a seven-week Red Cross course, will be willing to work at least one full day every week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men not immediately subject to the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (5) women to work five hours every other day in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (6) men and women to work from nine to twenty hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the Departments of Health and Welfare in connection with social-service and evacuation work.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can't volunteer on a set schedule but can be called upon from time to time for all sorts of short-notice emergency jobs.... Civilian fingerprinting stations can also find work for men and women who can fill in at odd hours only.

SALVAGE—The big salvage needs at the moment are for rubber, kitchen fat, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal. Salvage, to be useful, can't be mixed; rubber must be kept separate from rags, tin cans from other scrap metal, and so on.... The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 East 42nd (MU 3-9669), will tell you where to take small quantities of rubber, rags, or scrap metal, and will send around for amounts of fifty pounds or more.... All butcher shops have been asked to accept (and pay for) kitchen fat, which can be converted into glycerine, an important ingredient of munitions. Both deep-frying fat and pan or broiler drippings are wanted; they should be strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can, such as those coffee comes in, and kept in a cool place until you have at least a pound, the smallest amount acceptable.... In preparing tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat, leaving just enough space to see through. You can probably arrange with your building superintendent to make sure that the cans you save are turned over to the proper authorities; if not, pile them in a cardboard box and put them out on the sidewalk shortly before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Reports from Washington indicate that there may soon be a call for old silk stockings, and the public has been asked to start saving them in anticipation of such an appeal. They can be used in making powder bags for the fleet's guns.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage work are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), wants phonographs, radios, bridge tables and chairs, games, and athletic paraphernalia for the Army and Navy. It will call for such gifts, but asks that if possible you bring them to its headquarters. ... The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, sizes 6 x 30 and 7 x 50, and is prepared to issue receipts for them at the U.S.O. booth at Penn Station and at Room 909, at 90 Church St.

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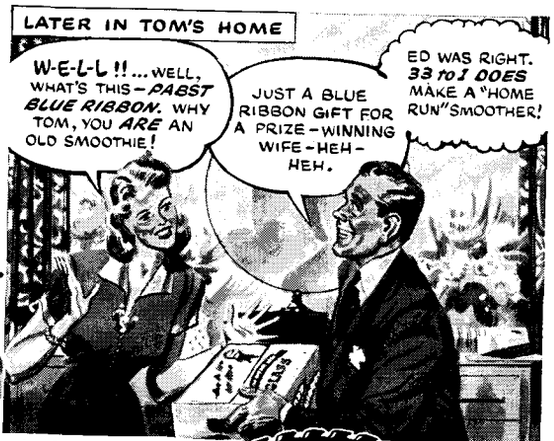
GOOD GRIEF! I PROMISED MABEL I'D BE HOME AT 6- IT'S 10 TO 7 NOW!
RELAX, TOM! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...AND MABEL, TOO, "33 TO 1"!
DOUBLE HEADER
...AND WAS TOM IN THE DOG HOUSE!
STOP JOKING, ED. SHE'LL NEVER LET ME GO TO ANOTHER BALL GAME.
NO JOKES...I'M SERIOUS! HERE—LET'S HAVE OUR 33 TO 1 RIGHT NOW.

OH—PABST BLUE RIBBON! S-A-Y—THIS IS A TREAT. BUT 33 TO 1... I'M AFRAID I DON'T GET THE CONNECTION.
THAT'S EASY. IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.

Flavor! MILD, MELLOW, DISTINCTIVE ... BECAUSE IT'S A BLEND OF NOT TWO, OR FIVE, OR TWELVE ... BUT 33 SEPARATE BREWS—SPECIALLY BLENDED LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES.


LATER IN TOM'S HOME
W-E-L-L!!... WELL, WHAT'S THIS—PABST BLUE RIBBON. WHY TOM, YOU ARE AN OLD SMOOTHIE!
JUST A BLUE RIBBON GIFT FOR A PRIZE-WINNING WIFE-HEH-HEH.
ED WAS RIGHT. 33 TO 1 DOES MAKE A "HOME RUN" SMOOTHER!

Copyright 1942, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Pour it with pride. For here is a beer that's blended like finest champagnes... each sparkling drop a blend of 33 fine brews. In handsome regular and new quart size bottles—and on draft at better places.
Pabst Blue Ribbon

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

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Germaine Monteil

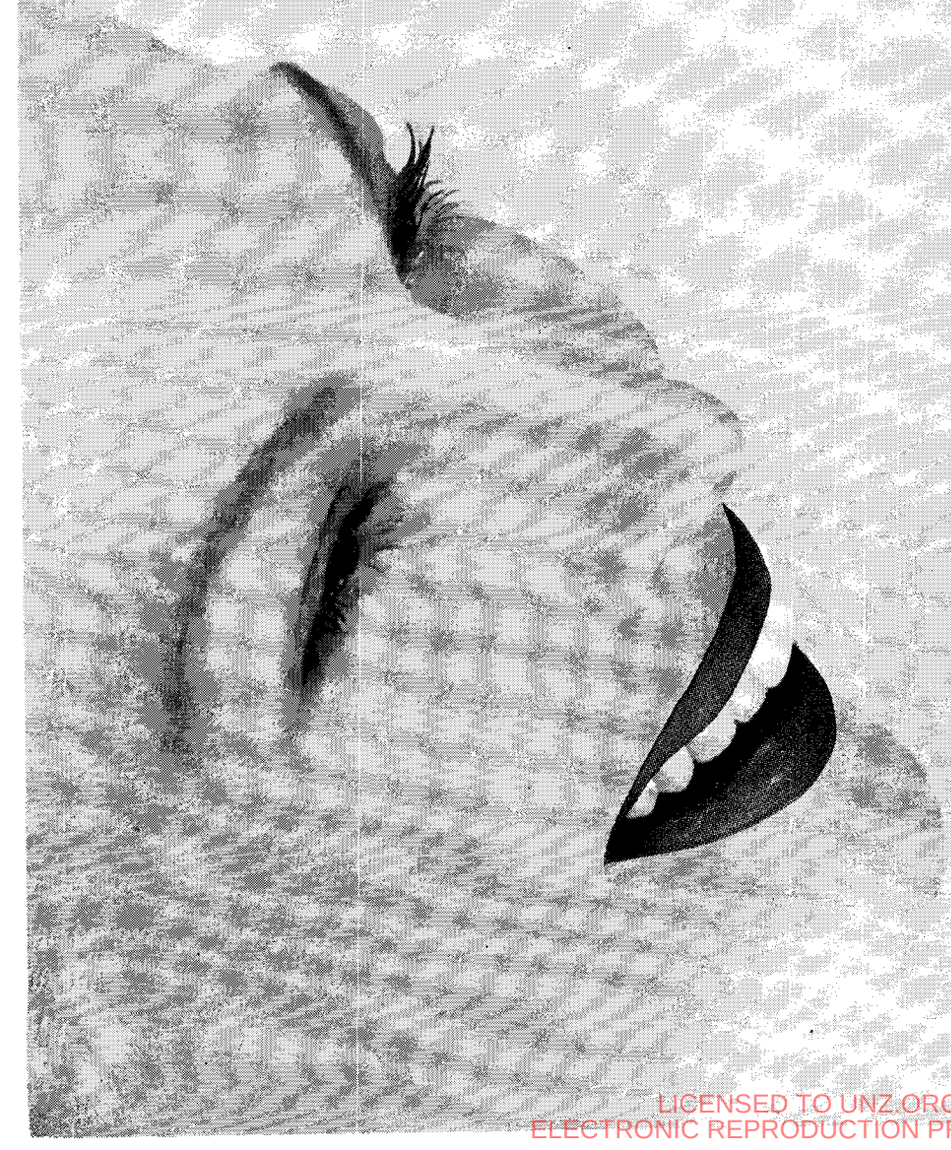
It won't build morale. *That's built of sterner stuff.*

It won't help a fighting man. *His courage is his own.*

It won't help preserve our way of life. *We've got to work and fight for that.* All Monteil's fine lipstick will do is to make you look prettier.

If it's Victory you want — and that's what we *all* want —

BETTER BUY BONDS!



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE noticed, with some misgivings, that the American Federation of Teachers put out a warning the other day that there would be no "crackpots" admitted to its membership. Only those teachers would be admitted who would be a credit to the Federation and instill in boys and girls an abiding loyalty to the ideals and principles of democracy. But as we understand it, one of the noblest attributes of democracy is that it contains no one who can truthfully say, of two pots, which is the cracked, which is the whole. That is basic. The Federation better welcome all comers, and let pot clink against pot.

EDUCATION is such a serious matter, we speak of it with trepidation. We remember, with sober and contrite heart, that our educational system was responsible for (among others) the group of citizens who for two years did everything in their power to prove that the war which was going on did not involve us, that nothing was happening abroad which was of any consequence in our lives, that the earth was not round. Those people—millions of them—were all educated in American schools by non-crackpots. They were brought up on American curricula. They damn near did us in. They are ready again to do us in, as soon as an opening presents itself—which will be immediately after hostilities cease. On the basis of the record, it would seem that we need what crackpots we can muster for education in our new world. We need educators who believe that character is more precious than special knowledge, that vision is not just something arrived at through a well-ground lens, and that a child is the most hopeful (and historically the most neglected) property the Republic boasts.

BY far the most arresting book note of the week was an announcement of a Boston firm that it has bound some of its books in a blackout cloth treated with sulphates. "It glows with a purplish light in the dark for sixteen or twenty hours, recharging itself during the day or when incandescent lamps are turned on." This sort of book-manufacturing makes the idea of writing a book seem almost worth while. Many an author has pounded his heart out with little more to goad him on than the hope of striking a sympathetic chord in some reader's soul. Now, however, he has the chance of creating a purplish glow in living rooms everywhere. As a reader and book owner, we are doubtful. Some days we work at home, preferring even home conditions to the office, with its squalid cubicles and underprivileged help. Mornings at home will somehow be different from now on, though—the comfortable davenport, the restful rugs, and the books on the

shelves, steadily recharging themselves as in any Exide station.

THE phrase "at all times" has been haunting us lately. By one of those vagaries permissible among living languages, or at least impossible to curb, it has come to have a much stronger meaning than "always." Our draft-registration certificate bears a warning that we are to carry it at all times. It's not enough if we always carry it. Similarly, the new civilian identification card, which is issued to anyone who takes the Mayor's advice to be fingerprinted, must be carried at all times. Not for just an hour, not for just a day, not for just a year, not even always, but at all times. Meanwhile, among elegant people, a delicate adaptation of the verb "to have" is in vogue. It is used only in the second person and in an interrogative sentence, and then only when some article possessed is fashionable, impressive, or expensive. In this case you don't say, "Have you?" but "Do you have?" In Tiffany's, for instance, you say, "Do you have any medium-priced gold cuff links suitable for gifts for ushers at a wedding?" In the fish market, you say, "Have you any haddock," or even "Got any haddock?"

THE worst setback the Navy has had since Pearl Harbor occurred in Washington last week when sailors

asked Dinah Shore to autograph their white hats by kissing the brims and her lipstick wouldn't come off her lips. It's carelessness in little things like that which we must try to avoid from now on. We presume that the unfortunate incident can be blamed on some de-luxe brand of Hollywood cosmetic, impervious to men of the fleet, but whatever the cause, the defeat to our armed forces was there and the consequent lowering of morale. Ordinarily, we are quite content to have ladies' lipstick stay put—particularly in the sweet-corn season, when the sight of a bloody cob on a plate of leavings gives us a faint trace of nausea.

FRIDAY, through the window of a Parmelee cab, we heard our Verse of the Week. It came from the lips of a splinter-legged chanteuse, aged about eight, we'd say, who was standing on the curb along East Seventieth Street near Second Avenue. It goes:

> Whistle while you work.
> Hitler is a jerk,
> Mussolini is a meanie,
> But the Japs is worse.

We will carry this quatrain in our heart for a while. It is topical; it is as direct as the Twenty-third Psalm; it is also

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as agreeable a blend as we've encountered of a program for action and an estimate of the foe.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A small bar at the corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street has a large flag draped outside, bearing this motto: "In Honor of Our Patrons Who Are Serving Our Nation."

A certain manufacturer of ladies' inexpensive shoes is now advertising a model called the Petrol Pump.

Stevenson's "Home Book of Shakespeare Quotations" is prefaced by the warning that "no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons."

Philadelphia

OUR Philadelphia agent, who hasn't been heard from in a long time (as time goes in the outer world), has just written in to tell us about something he saw there in front of a big apartment house near Rittenhouse Square. A lady came out of the building, a very well-dressed lady indeed except for the fact that her dress wasn't buttoned up the back. Without a word, she approached the doorman and turned her back; without a word, he buttoned her up. Then he tipped his cap, and she marched off down the street, grave and poised.

Sjökapten

WHEN the Gripsholm arrived with the latest group of Americans from Japan, after having made the eastward voyage to deposit the latest batch of our outgoing Japs at the port of Lourenço Marques, Portuguese East Africa, we arranged to have a talk with the captain, Sigfrid Ericsson. He turned out to be a big, solid, round-eyed Swedish man, with forty years of the sea behind him. His calling card has the word "*Sjökapten*" on it, right under his name. "One doesn't go without the other," he told us. "Or maybe the '*Sjökapten*' should come first. In some ways I am a captain before I am a man." The distinction of being practically the only neutral skipper of a big passenger ship on the ocean was not a new one for him; he was captain of the Drottningholm during her first repatriation voyage, last May. Like all good neutrals, he has tried to get along equally well with both sides, and appears to have succeeded. Nobody gave him any trouble, either on the eastward or westward crossing. "Perfect gentlemen," he told us. "That is the conclusion you come to—the world is made up of perfect gentlemen, and it is hard to think of them at war with each other." This seemed fair enough, for a neutral.

Out of 1,498 Japanese and Siamese who made the eastward crossing, three hundred were children. "More children than you ever saw in your life," Captain Ericsson told us. Naturally, they were all thoroughly American in speech and conduct, and the older passengers got to work on them right away, lecturing them on the topography, language, climate, customs, and glorious destiny of Japan. Just how well all this took, the Captain was not prepared to say; at any rate, the kids spent all their spare time playing baseball. Three of the passengers were American women married to Japanese. Two of them acted perfectly contented with the prospect of going to Japan, but the third locked herself in her cabin when the ship reached Lourenço Marques, and refused to come out. This disturbed Captain Ericsson, because he felt that if he took steps to get her out of the cabin it might compromise his position as a neutral; however, the lady's husband finally talked her out. The Captain reports that the homebound Japs were very musical. "Musicales all the time—Bach and things," he said. "Also the gramophone —fast, jittery music. Funny thing, though. They'd never dance—just stand around and look at the gramophone. Coming back, the Americans danced all the time." Another thing the Japs seemed shy about was swimming; none of the grownups went in the pool at all.

The adult Japanese passengers read steadily, many of them concentrating on American history. One industrious little yellow man read to a group of his associates selections from James Truslow Adams' "The Epic of America," translating it into Japanese as he went along. The Japs were highly organized, Captain Ericsson told us. Before they had settled in their cabins, committees had been appointed to take charge of everything—music, complaints, entertainments, etc. There was a special poster committee, which put up thirty posters a day, more or less. "Those posters!" the Captain said affably. "It was like they put them up on every wall of the ship. All about lectures, who was going to sing that night, and so on. I told them to give me a translation of everything they put up, and they were very obliging. But I must say, it was a lot of posters. They used up all the ship's writing paper and then they started raiding the bathrooms. Every sign we had up, they would

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copy, too. Would we have 'No Smoking' signs—they would copy. Would we have fire-drill signs—they would copy. We got along all right, but there are some things about the Japanese I will never understand."

Semantics

WE'VE heard from a gentleman who, in the course of a long uptown trip in a taxicab, got into conversation with the driver, a mustachioed fellow whose name, on the license card, proclaimed him to be a Greek. They touched on the return of horses to the city streets, and the driver said he liked it, even though it was competition, of a sort. "Horses are good-looking," he said, pointing to a delivery nag that had pulled up beside them at a red light. "Now, you take this horse. In my country, we say he's '*faiothrix*'—means 'iron gray.' That's a nice color." He drove in silence for a moment, then added, "Of course, I mean it's a nice color for a *horse*."

"Well, dear, was it fun playing Indian?"

400 Butts

UPON reading in the *Times* that a mortgage-and-loan company on Long Island had donated to the war effort a pre-Revolutionary walnut tree that stood upon one of its properties, we launched an investigation, alarmed at the thought that trees of that age were being called up. It turns out that the whole thing was strictly a commercial transaction. A tree surgeon named J. H. White, of Tuckahoe, aware that walnut is now in demand for rifle stocks, offered the mortgage-and-loan outfit two hundred dollars cash for its tree. It agreed, pleasantly stirred by the prospect of combining profit with patriotic duty. Mr. White and his henchmen sawed the branches off the big tree, which stood in front of an undertaking parlor in Oyster Bay, and then they cut through the trunk six inches below the ground and hauled it off to a sawmill, which paid Mr. White enough cash to net him a tidy profit. This walnut stood about a hundred feet tall, and its trunk, four feet above ground, was fourteen feet in circumference. Most of its usable material, 1,681 board feet, was in the twenty-foot log which remained after lopping off branches and top. Mr. White didn't have time to count the rings in the trunk, but he's sure the tree was at least two hundred years old, and he wouldn't be at all surprised if the local historians were right in claiming that Washington once stood in its shade. Far as he knows, it was the second largest walnut on Long Island, which is, incidentally, noted among dendrophiles for the size of its walnut trees. The father black walnut stands in Glen Cove.

Gunsmiths have always fancied black walnut for stocks. It is comparatively light, weighing forty-five pounds per cubic foot when dried, and it won't warp or split under hard use. Birch is as strong, but it won't hold its shape so well; oak is stronger, but weighs more than a third again as much. Some Army rifles are now turned out with butts of plastic or molded wood, but the Garand manufacturers, for instance, stick to walnut. Perhaps the Oyster Bay walnut will wind up in Garands. Whoever gets the wood will be able to make about four hundred stocks from it, figuring four board feet for one stock. The sawmill will keep the core of the trunk, waiting for a buyer willing to pay a fancy price for a fancy ceiling beam. Five of the largest crotches were also sent to the mill. After the customary six weeks of seasoning in kilns, they will be useful for the "knees" of small coast-defense vessels, a naturally bent piece of lumber being, of course, stronger than one artificially bent.

Enough sound walnut for four hundred stocks is considered a windfall these days. There is always a shortage of walnut in time of war. A good bit was cut during the Civil War, and even more in the period right afterward. This depleted our growth of walnut pretty badly, and there was a pinch when the last

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war came along. By looking around carefully, the government found enough trees to yield a hundred million board feet, which went into stocks and airplane propellers. Today there would probably be enough walnut, and to spare, but for the fact that the walnut likes the same kind of land the farmer likes—rich bottom lands. The pioneers burned and cut huge quantities of walnut in order to get space to plant in. They made fence rails out of it, and log cabins. Mr. White almost cries when he thinks about those log cabins made of black walnut.

Communication

WARDENS, we've been told, now have a new sort of drill, planned to prepare them for encounters with excited civilians during actual air raids. Some of the wardens take up their posts in the street, and the others are each given a card on which is typed something that might be said to them by an uninformed or excited civilian when the alert is sounded. The bearers of cards circulate around the post, flashing their cards upon the wardens on duty, who are then supposed to make the proper response. This is jotted down on the back of the card, and later corrected by the senior wardens. For instance, a card might have on it, "Help! Help! Air Raid," and the warden to whom it was shown would have to demonstrate that he had some idea of soothing a hysterical citizen. Well, one lady warden we've heard of was given a card which read, "I live only a couple of blocks away." A properly informed warden would automatically say, "Don't try to get home—take shelter now." It's our painful duty to report, however, that the first person on the street to whom she showed this card was not a warden at all—apparently just an elderly gentleman waiting on a corner for a green light or something. He read the card, eyed the lady keenly, then tore the card up and stalked off, muttering, "Damn it, this neighborhood is going to seed!" The lady consoles herself with the thought that she has sacrificed her reputation in the interests of national defense.

Ruml

IT is probably fitting and proper that the skip-a-year-and-pay-as-you-go income-tax plan should have originated at R. H. Macy's. Or did you know that Beardsley Ruml, the originator of the plan, is the treasurer of Macy's? Anyway, we went down and interviewed him, on the assumption that people knew more about the Ruml Plan than about Ruml. We found him a robust fellow in his late forties, with no hobbies and a love of anonymity. He even thinks his plan has received too much newspaper publicity. "Too much fuss about it entirely," he told us. "Either it's good enough to adopt or we should forget about it and try something else." Ruml functions quietly in a number of other jobs in addition to the Macy post: he's chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, adviser to the National Resources Planning Board, and a director of the National Board of Economic Research, not to mention active connections with the Farm Foundation and the Museum of Modern Art. He feels that such activities take the place of dogs, golf, cards, and other diversions of the ordinary one-job male. He is an energetic man who carefully avoids exercise. "If you ever hear of me dropping dead on a tennis court, you'll know it was because I was crossing it on my way to a Scotch-and-soda," he told us.

Ruml was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where his father was, and still is, at the age of seventy-five, a country doctor—and a damn good one, Ruml says. There were four children, of whom our Ruml was the most intellectual, though he was hard pressed by his sister, who was once Dean of Radcliffe College. After breezing through Dartmouth, Ruml went on to the University of Chicago, where he took a Ph.D. in psychology and education. That was in 1917. Then followed a number of jobs, highly responsible and usually civic—assistant to the president of the Carnegie Corporation, director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, and member of President Hoover's Employment Commission. "Cagey, you see," Ruml said, in connection with the last-named post. "They didn't call it unemployment in those days." Then, after teaching for a while at Chicago, he came to Macy's, back in 1934.

Ruml's office, on the thirteenth floor, is equipped with a super-comfortable office chair, Ruml having a theory that nobody can think if he's not comfortable. He likes to think a great deal, he says, mostly about people. It was while he was thinking about the fiscal misfortunes of certain hypothetical people—for instance, a widow who has no income but has to pay a heavy tax on her husband's last-year's earnings—that he developed the pay-as-you-go plan. This was about a year ago. Ruml lays no claim to originality, having heard, he says, of several others who had the same thought at about the same time. Anyway, he meditated for a few months, then gave a dinner at the Plaza to a small, select group he thought might be interested in the plan. "Not professional intellectuals, but intellectual professionals—something like me," he added. With a nice knowledge of the relations between mind and stomach, he explained the plan *before* dinner, while everybody's mind was still sharp. We suggested that, while the plan might be simple to intellectual professionals, we had run across a number of people who seemed in the dark. This apparently surprised Ruml. "It's exactly the same principle as daylight saving," he said. "Everybody understands *that*, don't they?"

Proof Positive

A LADY who was apartment-hunting on upper Fifth Avenue found a nice place, the only drawback being that she wasn't sure that the neighborhood that far up was quite desirable. She deferred decision and while she was standing on a nearby corner, lost in meditation, a little boy pedalled past on a tricycle. To the handlebars, where little boys customarily fasten a beaver or fox tail, there was appended a lustrous tail that came, unmistakably, from a silver fox. The lady went right back to the apartment and signed the lease.

Mission

HAVING gone along on one of the Department of Sanitation's early expeditions in the pioneer days of tin-can collection, we figured we'd also go along last Wednesday, when the American Women's Voluntary Services took a hand in this phase of salvage by putting a lady in blue in the cab of every sanitation truck assigned to tin-can collection. The ladies, all volunteers, of course, had been told to report at 6:30 A.M. at the several Department garages, and when, to our great surprise, we reached the garage at Twelfth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street at 6:45, we

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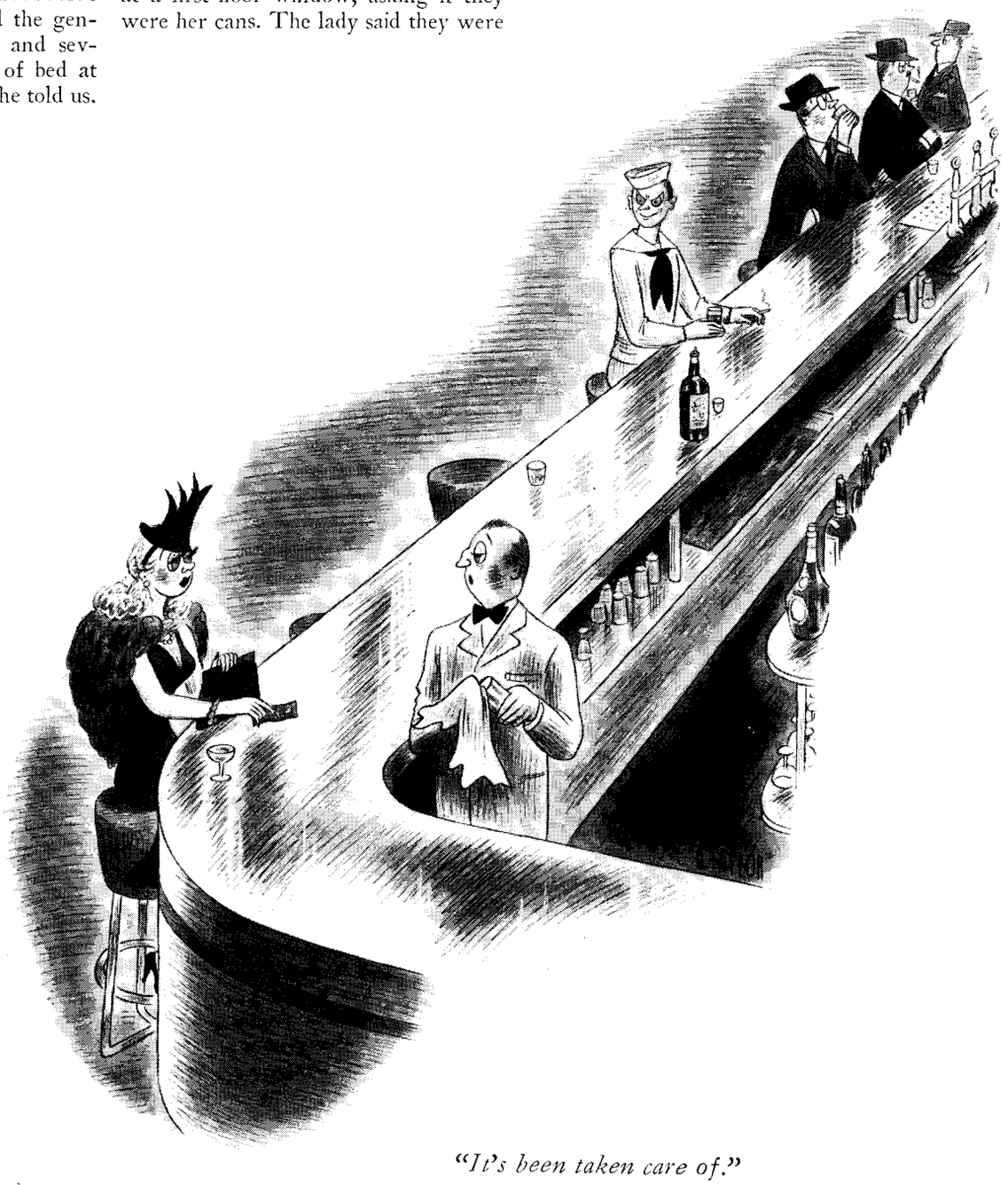
found a trim band of five workers there, sure enough, as well as a number of press photographers, jumpier than ever at such an eerie hour. Group pictures of the volunteers were taken and then of an individual volunteer, Miss Irene Greene, posing with the driver of one of three trucks lined up for the can detail. There was a tieup when it was discovered that Miss Greene was wearing higher-than-regulation heels, but she hastily swapped shoes with a comrade and the shooting proceeded. This done, the five ladies took their places beside the drivers, the two extra ones doubling up on two of the trucks, with a driver's helper hanging outside each truck. We doubled up on truck 3 with the lady who had detected Miss Greene's heels; she turned out to be Miss Dorothy True, head of the A.W.V.S.'s local salvage department and the genius who had got a hundred and seventy-five women to get out of bed at 5:30 A.M. "It wasn't easy," she told us.

Our truck was assigned to the area from Forty-second to Fifty-first Streets, west of Sixth Avenue, and our first stop was at section headquarters, to which residents of the neighborhood had been urged to bring their cans. The driver's assistant, name of Johnny, dropped off to see what there was. Miss True told us that she had had breakfast at Reuben's and that Orson Welles had been there, drinking milk. Johnny came back with a whole barrel of cans, nicely washed and flattened, which he showed to Miss True. "Yes, those are very good," she said, and Johnny took them to the back of the truck and dumped them in. Miss True explained to us that her job was to note which areas were yielding well and which weren't, so that volunteers, later calling on the residents in person, would know whether to commend them or jack them up. The truck went to Forty-second and Twelfth Avenue and began to work east on Forty-second. A few houses had boxes of well-prepared cans, some had unflattened cans with the labels on, and many had no cans at all. Johnny brought everything for Miss True's inspection. "I give the good ones an E," said Miss True. As we travelled east we came to a region of restaurants, where for some reason the can yield was negligible. "Restaurants lousy," Miss True wrote on her pad.

At about 8:40, Miss True told the driver that she had arranged to pick up a reporter from one of the papers at Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth. We were doing Forty-third at the time and it took only a couple of minutes to get over there. We personally dropped out a little later, leaving the rest of the tour to our confrère, but not until Johnny had made one rich haul, in front of a brownstone at 337 West Forty-third. Miss True looked over the cans and then shouted to a lady who had appeared at a first-floor window, asking if they were her cans. The lady said they were and Miss True told her she'd done a fine thing for her country. The reporter hopped off the truck and hurried over to ask the housewife her name. "Mrs. Danovitch," she said. "She has a little baby," said a boy with freckles who was standing on the sidewalk. "His name is Donald."

Exemption

CIRCUITOUSLY, we have learned of a wistful note received by one of the local draft boards. "I just heard that you have classified John K—— in 3-A, because he is living with his wife," the note said. "I believe he should be reclassified and put into 1-A, because he isn't living with his wife. He is living with *my* wife."



"It's been taken care of."

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THE ROAD TO SUMMIT, N. J.

(A Timely Tragedy in One Act)

[Author's Note: This play, though fictional in treatment, is factually documented by a letter printed in the *Herald Tribune* on August 6th, from a lady in Summit, New Jersey, who signed herself "A. C." "Do you think it fair to the owners of large cars, making only nine miles to a gallon, to be allowed no more gas than a small car getting fifteen miles to the gallon?" A. C.'s letter asked. "We who live two miles from the village, with no other means of transportation, no drugstores or markets nearer than the village, are having a ghastly time of it."

No further word has come from those marooned two miles outside Summit, New Jersey, but it is not hard to guess what the end must have been like. Owners of large cars, making only nine miles to a gallon, do not lightly use the word "ghastly." This play, then, attempts to reconstruct what happened to that small, gallant band, the sort of people who are the backbone of the nation, or thereabouts.]

(*Scene: The lawn of a house two miles from Summit, New Jersey. At stage left, a large sign reading "Summit—2 Miles." Perched on the sign is a large vulture, which is looking hungrily at the other dramatis personae. The host, Landon St. Clair, is a weak-chinned man in his early thirties; he is sitting in a deck chair, nervously sipping a glass of priceless domestic gin. Oona McK. Mooney, a beautiful débutante, sits at his feet, quietly humming the second movement of Shostakovich's seventh symphony. St. Clair's wife, Ruth, is playing badminton with Arthur Armstrong, a clean-cut young man in Class 4-F. It is evident that they are in love. Finnegan, the chauffeur, has the car, a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac, out on the driveway at stage right; he is lifting up the rear end and shaking it, listening to the gas tank with a rueful expression.*)

St. Clair (*turning in his chair to watch Finnegan*): Haven't we got any gas at all, Finnegan?

Finnegan (*giving the Cadillac a final shake and putting it down*): Divil a bit, sorr. Beggin' yer pardon, sorr.

St. Clair (*under his breath*): Sometimes I think maybe Ickes was right about putting a pipeline in last fall. (*Takes another sip of gin.*)

Oona: Sh-h-h! Don't let people hear you say that. They mightn't understand—the way I do.

St. Clair (*obstinately*): But—

Oona: You know, don't you, that there were plenty of tank cars to handle the gas supply for the East, if it weren't hampered by those alphabet-soupers down in Washington?

St. Clair: Yes, but we haven't got any gas.

Oona: That's because there weren't enough tank cars, dear.

St. Clair: Of course. Forgive me, dearest. I've been a fool. But it's the strain of sitting here and thinking of those two miles to Summit. Two miles to the grocery store. Two miles to the drugstore. Two miles, two—

Oona: Don't think about it—don't give way.

St. Clair (*sobbing*): I'm too young to die. (*He takes another drink of gin. The roar of an airplane engine is heard in the distance.*)

Armstrong: Quick! Wave something! Maybe they'll see us. (*He snatches off Oona's petticoat, then changes his mind and snatches off Ruth's. The roar of the airplane is now directly overhead. Armstrong waves the petticoat. The roar of the airplane dies away in the distance.*) No use—they didn't see us. (*He moodily replaces Ruth's petticoat, then walks to the road and looks in the direction of Summit.*) God, if one could only *do* something!

Ruth (*weakly*): I'm hungry. (*She falls to the ground in a faint. The vulture on the signpost watches her with interest.*)

Armstrong (*Running and picking Ruth up*): Darling! (*He looks up and catches St. Clair's eye.*) Yes, that's the way it is, St. Clair. We were going to tell you tonight, after dinner.

Oona (*hysterically*): Dinner! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-haaaaaaaaa!

St. Clair (*cynically*): I guess we should have signed up for the car pool. What good is love going to do you if we starve to death, two miles from the nearest A. & P.?

Armstrong (*clenching his fist and starting at St. Clair*): The car pool! Why, you filthy—(*He drops his arm, his anger changing to contempt.*) Yes, I really believe you *would* let your wife join the car pool. It doesn't matter to *you*, does it, that she'd be thrown in with a lot of women she's been trying to avoid for years? You beast! (*To Ruth*) What you must have gone through! But I'll make it up to you, if we . . . if . . . (*His voice trails off. Ruth revives a little and smiles wanly at him.*)

Ruth: I'm not afraid, dearest.

St. Clair (*suddenly springing to his feet, his face flushed with gin and fear*): Well, I'm not going to die here like a rat in a trap. I'm going to *walk* to Summit!

Armstrong: You're mad! You'll never make it!

St. Clair (*sombrely*): Perhaps not. But what does that matter? (*To Ruth*) If we . . . don't meet again, it'll be all for the best. I never told you this, Ruth, but in 1928, before we were married, I—

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"Careful, now—only those in uniform."

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RUTH: Yes?

ST. CLAIR: I—I voted for Al Smith. (*In the midst of a shocked silence, he walks slowly off in the direction of Summit.*)

OONA: He'll never make it.

ARMSTRONG: I think he knows that. It's better this way. (*Ruth sobs convulsively.*) Don't cry, dearest, it's been a good life. It's strange, though, to think that Westbrook Pegler's column will come out tomorrow and we won't be here to read it. And we won't be here to vote for the American Way of Life in 1944—

RUTH (*automatically*): If there *is* an election in 1944.

FINNEGAN (*excitedly*): Listen!

ARMSTRONG: What is it?

FINNEGAN: I thought I heard—yis, bedad, it *is!* It's a car!

(*An automobile is heard to approach. It stops offstage, and Calvin Coolidge Kronkheit, an honest garageman, enters with two five-gallon tins of gasoline. The others surround him with excited cries.*)

KRONKHEIT (*winking broadly*): Something told me you good people could use a little gas today. Right?

RUTH (*seizes his hand*): Oh, *thank* you.

KRONKHEIT (*with rough emotion*): Shucks, Ma'am, I guess it takes more'n a ration book to come between me and a good customer. That'll be seventy-five cents a gallon. (*He pours the contents of the first can into the Cadillac. There is a terrific explosion, which kills everybody. The vulture gets down off the sign and inspects the bodies. Finally, with a sigh, it tightens its belt and trudges off.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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THE VICTORIA CROSS

FORD had never paid much attention to the matter of medals. There had always seemed to him something slightly quaint about them. But when he joined the Royal Air Force and began to live in daily contact with the pilots and air crews, he found that medals meant a good deal; they played much the same part in the lives of the airmen that "colours" had played in his and his fellows' lives at school. For example, in the R.A.F. the two standard decorations, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Distinguished Flying Medal, are badges which, as it were, indicate that those who wear them are on the first team. If you see a fighter pilot wearing one or the other, you know that he has in all probability shot down half a dozen enemy planes. If you see a bomber pilot or member of a bomber crew with either medal, you will know he has done twenty or thirty bombing attacks on Germany. The Distinguished Service Order is another type of honor, given less often and usually for qualities of sustained leadership, such as leading a fighter wing of thirty or forty aircraft day after day on the sweeps over northern France or showing exceptional powers of command over a bomber squadron.

The Victoria Cross is in a rather different category from any of these three. Ford had sometimes wondered just how it had been possible to preserve the legend, the aura, so to speak, of the V.C. In any case, they had done so, partly, no doubt, by awarding it far more rarely than any other decoration. This may have led to some arbitrariness in its award, but the fact remains that the V.C. has somehow or other managed to retain a glamour—that is the only word for it—which no other decoration has ever acquired.

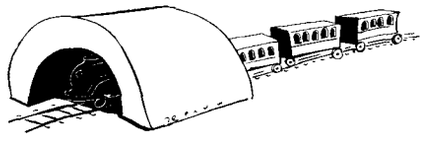
In a copy of the Journal of the Royal United Services Institution which Ford found lying about in the mess, he happened upon a description of the first presentation of the V.C. by Queen Victoria, in June, 1857. It was in Hyde Park, and a print depicted a scene of nineteenth-century pomp. The Queen decorated the Crimean veterans from horseback, "stooping from the saddle to fix the medal to a loop on the man's breast." Her costume was described thus:

> The Queen wore a suitably adapted Field-Marshal's uniform. Red and white feathers drooped from a round black hat, the scarlet tunic was open at the neck, and over the left shoulder she wore the Ribbon of the Garter and a gold and crimson sash. A dark-blue skirt set off well the gold lace on her charger's saddle-cloth, and on her left arm she wore a mourning band for her aunt, George III's daughter Mary, who married Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, and who had died that April.

The atmosphere of a contemporary bomber station, or, for that matter, of the contemporary Hyde Park, is a very different one, but the decoration which was instituted on a June day in that almost unbelievably dissimilar world has retained a magic for the men who take the bombers over Germany.

DURING his first year of service with the R.A.F., Ford happened to encounter two men who had won the Victoria Cross: Wing Commander Learoyd and Squadron Leader Nettleton. When he met them they were members of the same squadron of heavy bombers; Nettleton hadn't at that time won his V.C. Learoyd was in command of this squadron during the winter of 1941-42, when it was in the process of rearming with Lancasters, one of the latest and most successful of the British heavy four-engined bombers. He had won his Victoria Cross long before Ford met him, in an attack on the lock gates of the Dortmund-Ems Canal. It must have been an extraordinary job. He was flying a Hampden at that time, one of the older medium bombers. He came down to a few hundred feet over one of the best-defended targets in Germany and, with several other crews who did not come back, succeeded in blowing up a key section of one of the most used industrial inland waterways in the world. When Ford met Learoyd, however, he was living the life of a busy and rather harassed squadron commander, attending to the thousand and one details that arise when a squadron rearms with a new type of aircraft. His squadron was the first in the whole Air Force to receive Lancasters, and so bore the brunt of all the teething troubles which any new type must experience.

Ford saw something of Learoyd's squadron at that time and got taken up on some of its numerous retraining and test flights. It was then he came across Nettleton, one of Learoyd's flight commanders. He had a small, rather round face and seemed more highly strung, yet at the same time quieter, than the average bomber pilot.



ONE day in the spring of 1942, the process of rearming was complete and the Lancasters began to operate. At first only in ones and twos, but it wasn't long before there were two squadrons of them, and almost immediately these two were given a special job. No one was told about it until the morning of the day on which it was to happen, and then word spread that the Lancasters were off on a daylight trip. No one but the crews and those who briefed them knew where they were bound until they had actually gone.

Ford went over to the station from which the six Lancasters of Learoyd's squadron, No. 37, were to start, because he knew the chaps better than those from the other Lancaster squadron, No. 65. It's quite a sight to see a number of these four-engined heavies (each weighs, fully loaded, about thirty tons) starting off on an operation. That afternoon they came lumbering up onto the airfield from their dispersal points. On the ground they are black, prehistoric-looking monsters. They lined up in a queue on the leeward side of the airfield. With a deafening throb from its two port motors, the leading one swung into wind and immediately got the signal to be off. It opened out all four motors, began to move, began to charge, was off. Ford wondered who the pilot was. Before the first had finished its run the second machine swung into wind and, as the first was air-borne, opened out. The other four followed quickly. In the air they formed up in two close vics of three, came across the aerodrome at about two hundred feet, and set course almost due south. Someone said that the six from No. 65 had all got off, too. Ford inquired when they were expected back, and was told about eleven o'clock that evening.

Just after ten o'clock, Ford came back to the station. He asked who was leading the six from No. 37. Somebody said, "It's John Nettleton," and Ford remembered how, some while before, when the Lancasters were just arriving, Nettleton had said to him, "Come and look at one of our new monsters." He had such a note of affection in his voice that Ford had said, "You like your monsters, do you?," and Nettleton had replied, "We certainly do."

Ford went to the Operations Room. The Group Captain who commanded the station was there. There was no news. In ones and twos, people began to come in and wait about. Ford's job

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involved a lot of waiting for men on operations to come back. It was never a very pleasant business. However, this evening it wasn't time for them to be back yet. Even so, everybody's attention began to work round toward the clock. Just before eleven the telephone rang and the Group Captain answered it. Ford couldn't tell from his voice what the news was. When he put the receiver down he said, "Four of them are back from 65, two shot down in flames over the target." A just perceptible murmur went through the room. Ford said, "What was the target, sir?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" the Captain said. "It was the M.A.N. works at Augsburg, where they make the Diesel engines for submarines."

He came over and traced the course on a great map of Europe that covered one of the walls of the Ops Room. The Lancasters were to have crossed the French coast south of Havre, swung southeast to the upper Seine, kept on southeast to the Rhine in Alsace, south down the river, then east across the Bavarian Highlands to Augsburg. The men in the Ops Room were all a bit shaken when the Group Captain's finger pointed to Augsburg itself. It lies near both the Czech and the Austrian borders, deep in Central Europe. It seemed a fantastic idea that those aircraft had been there since afternoon and now, they hoped, were nearly home again.

"Now, look at the target map," the Group Captain said. He showed them the plan of the M.A.N. works. "As a matter of fact, the target isn't the works as a whole, by any means. It is just those two main assembly sheds. They can pin-point them from where the river and the canal meet here," he said, pointing. "They've got to prang [destroy] those exact sheds or the whole thing's a washout, but if they get them, there'll be a good few less U-boats on the seas in the next six months."

Learoyd came in. "You've heard nothing here, I suppose, sir?" he said to the Group Captain. "I've been over in the Control Room. There's nothing there."

"Nothing about your chaps," the Group Captain said, "but four of 65 are back. Two shot down in flames over the target." Learoyd nodded.

"Well, that's not such a bad proportion, I suppose," the Group Captain said.

"No, I suppose not," said Learoyd.

Ford thought of two of those thirty-tonners crashing in flames over there in Central Europe. "What height were they to bomb from, sir?" he said to Learoyd.

"Anything from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet," he said. Ford began to imagine what it had looked and sounded like at Augsburg.

The telephone rang. The Group Captain took the call. Again they could not tell what he was hearing. When he put it down he said, "Nettleton's asking for a fix. He's somewhere over the Channel on his way back." The temperature of the room rose appreciably. Learoyd said, "That's one, anyhow." The telephone rang again; they gave Nettleton's bearings and his position was plotted on the big map. He had gone a bit far west but was obviously all right. Silence fell again. It was half past eleven, time to hear from the others. Actually, they all ought to have landed by now. There was nothing very disturbing in their being half an hour late, but it was rather odd that none of them except Nettleton had asked for a fix. The temperature of the room seemed to be dropping again. Next time Ford noticed the clock it was well after midnight. Nobody was talking at all. It might be thought that the time would go very slowly when you're waiting for men to come home from an operation; in fact, it is just the opposite. It goes appallingly fast. Before you know where you are, they're half an hour, then an hour, then an hour and a half overdue. Already these crews were nearly two hours overdue; also, nothing more had been heard of Nettleton.

The telephone rang. This time Learoyd answered it. "Oh, good show!" he exclaimed. "It's Rash Aerodrome," he said, turning to the room. "Nettleton has just touched down there."

"Rash?" said the Group Captain. "What on earth's he doing there?" Rash is a west-country aerodrome a couple of hundred miles away. "Well, anyhow," he went on, "it doesn't matter a damn as long as he's down. But where are the others?" Nobody answered him. The time went by. It was two

"I want the 'Elsie' changed to 'Mrs. Jack Williams.'"

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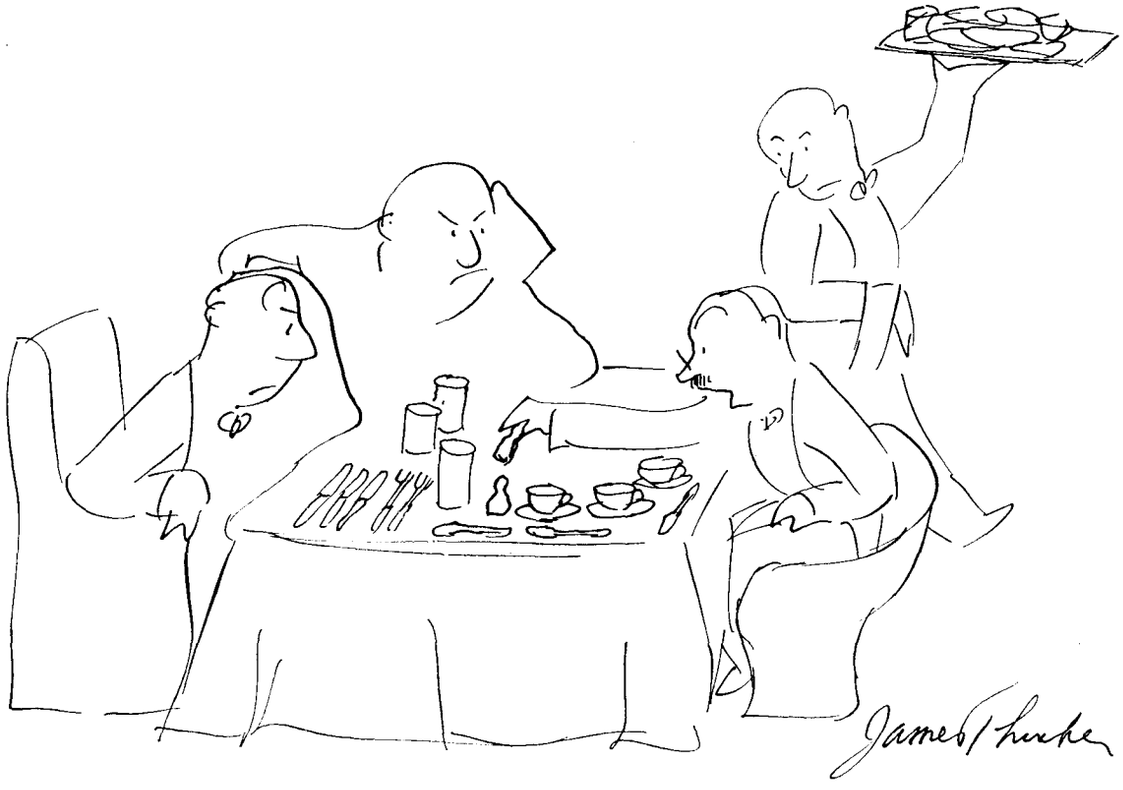

"Now if I were Oveta Culp Hobby . . ."

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o'clock; they were three hours overdue.

The telephone rang. Learoyd answered it. "Hello, John," they heard him say. "Good show!" Then his voice changed. "Oh. . . . Oh, I see. . . . Oh. . . . You'll be back with your crew in the morning? Right. Don't hurry. Get to bed now. Yes, we'll send transport." He put the receiver down, turned round, said roughly and harshly, "No good waiting any longer. The others were all shot down."

The Group Captain said, "How does he know?"

Learoyd said, "Saw 'em. His rear gunners saw four caught by fighters near the French coast on the way over; fifth was a flamer over the target. No good staying any longer." He swung out of the room. All the others jumped up and followed him, as if they couldn't stand staying there a moment longer.

FORD came over to the station at lunchtime the next day. In the mess they said that Nettleton and his crew had just got back. In a few minutes they came in. They all looked much as usual, but probably they didn't feel it. A group of people gathered round them and made them talk about the raid.

Nettleton's formation of six had run into thirty or forty German fighters six minutes after they had crossed the French coast. Nettleton, who was leading, took his machine to twenty-five feet above the ground and the two others in his vic followed him down. They flew across France at that height, going up over any line of trees or power cables they came to, following the contours of the land, up over the hills and down into the valleys. Ford tried to imagine what it must have been like in France that afternoon with those ninety tons of aircraft passing over, their twelve motors roaring twenty-five feet up, their machine guns firing continuously, and the German cannon-firing fighters on their tails. It was a long, running fight and Nettleton's rear gunners had the pretty devastating experience of seeing the three aircraft in the other vic behind them shot down one after another. Then the German fighters concentrated on Nettleton's vic and got the left-hand man. He crashed into the ground, almost fouling Nettleton's wing tip as he went in. There's no hope for the crew when an aircraft goes in from that height, doing over two hundred miles an hour. Then the fighters' cannon fire concentrated on the last two of the six machines, but Nettleton had taken them so low that the fighters could barely get their sights on. The cannon shells flashed above the Lancasters and the bombardiers in the noses of the British machines could see them bursting ahead of them. Nettleton's observer told Ford that when they came to a French village, flying at just about rooftop height, they could see the cannon shells which had missed them hitting the roofs of the village ahead and the houses bursting into flames. Then Nettleton's rear guns packed up, red-hot from continuous firing and pretty well out of ammunition. But almost at the same moment the German fighters had had enough and disappeared.

The two remaining Lancasters, neither of which had been damaged appreciably, still wing tip to wing tip, still no more than twenty-five feet above the ground, flew on across Alsace, down the Rhine, into south-central Germany.

One of Nettleton's crew was an Australian called Sands; Ford had talked with him once or twice in the mess. He was an architect who had graduated from the Royal Institute of British Architects a year or so before the war, and they had talked about the architectural features of buildings in that part of England. Ford said to him now, "Could you see anything of the places you went over or were they gone too quick?"

Sands said, "Oh, Lord, yes. If we didn't go right over a town or village, you could see it quite well for perhaps thirty seconds or so as you went past."

"Did you see any of those little Bavarian baroque towns? I went all through them in 1932."

Sands said, "We did, and they looked just the same. I saw Memmingen in particular."

"You saw Memmingen?"

"Looked right down for a flash into that square of painted houses—"

"With pillars?"

"Yes, sort of rural baroque."

"I had tea there in 1932 on my honeymoon."

"I went there in 1935."

Ford asked Sands if he saw anything of Augsburg itself.

"Well, it looked full of factories and chimneys—that was what we were on the lookout for. But I did catch a glimpse of the Fugger-Haus just as we were running up. There's one thing about this daylight bombing—nothing got hurt outside the M.A.N. works, I should say, and very little there, but those main sheds got really pranged."

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Nettleton was listening. "Well, we couldn't very well miss," he said, "because we flew in well below the roof level of the big buildings. Sands, did you see all that light flak from guns on the roofs that missed us crashing into the buildings on the other side of the street?"

Sands said, "Yes, sir. That must have done a bit of harm."

Nettleton said, "The minute I began running up, I saw those two whopping great sheds plumb ahead of us, exactly where they ought to be. I had to pull the stick back to clear their roofs. The rear gunners say that the bombs went into the sides of the sheds."

The other surviving aircraft was running up behind him, he said. Just before it got to the sheds, Nettleton's rear gunners saw flak get it. The aircraft began to blaze, but the pilot flew straight on till his bombs, too, went into the sheds. Nettleton swung round to starboard as he got clear of the town to see what had happened, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the blazing machine making a perfect landing in a field, so he believes that this crew, at least, are all right. As Nettleton swung round, he saw his own bombs, which, of course, had delayed-action fuses, go up right in the main assembly sheds. Then he started the journey back, now alone. He still flew at twenty-five feet above ground level until the light was entirely gone. Then, in the dark, he went up to a normal height and got home without further accident.

The No. 65 chaps got to Augsburg and bombed a few minutes later. All six of them reached the target, as they had had no trouble with fighters on the way out. The light flak set two of them on fire running up to the target, but these two also bombed accurately and carefully while their aircraft were blazing. Then they both crashed.

THEY gave out a lot of decorations to the crews. There is bound to be an arbitrary element about who is to get what. Nettleton, for instance, would probably say that there was no particular reason he got the Victoria Cross as against, for instance, the captains of the aircraft which were set on fire running up to the target and yet went on and bombed with precision. Ford, however, was glad that they gave it to someone who was still alive to enjoy it. Ford saw Nettleton once or twice afterward and thought that, on the whole, he *was* enjoying it. After all, the Victoria Cross is still something to get. —F/Lt. John Strachey

TO THE LAST WEDDING GUEST

"Eat my cake, eat," cried the young,
Newly won, enraptured, smiling bride.
"It is here to eat
As your eyes glide
Between the folds of my white veils"—
Silks, satins flowing
Among quick limbs in whiteness held,
Sweetness in white.

"Eat of my cake
Brought by the caterer in white,
The cake in a glass bell, flowered,
Snow-crystalled, starred
In silver light
On cloth and plate."

"Eat of my secret,"
She might well have said,
For it is there
Among the secrets of the wedding night—
All that is white-limbed, young, and fair
Shall know its sign;
As the white rose flushes with a drop of blood,
So is this secret spread.

The gifts bestowed in white
Turn as a prism turns
Within the waiting eye
Of faces greeting
The downward-stepping, ever-descending stair:
See how the groom gleams
In a golden spiral
As the bride's gaze, turning inward to his sight,
Shall find her body held within his arms,
There to be caught and held as all joys are,
Wordless in the brief silence after prayer,
Held in the blue-reflected summer sky
Before the coming of a darkening wind,
Before the waking of increasing winter storms.

As the cake is cut
For guests to eat,
See in that light
The bridal wreath lean over earth,
The tremulous, shaken
Bough, leaf, and flower
Piercing the hour
Of bell-chiming fragrance within a summer night,
Echo and leaf and bough
To reappear
Through seventy winters of deepening ice and snow.

The lacquered car, the floating bridal suite
Wait at the embrace
Of the wedding-night hotel;
Even the belated guest who has missed the bride
Stands in the hall,
Sees in its light the reflection of her face,
Hears lips that say, "Eat of my cake;
It has been my life; it is why you came;
It is everything that I have left behind,
Even to the last fragment on a covered plate;
It is yours to take." —Horace Gregory

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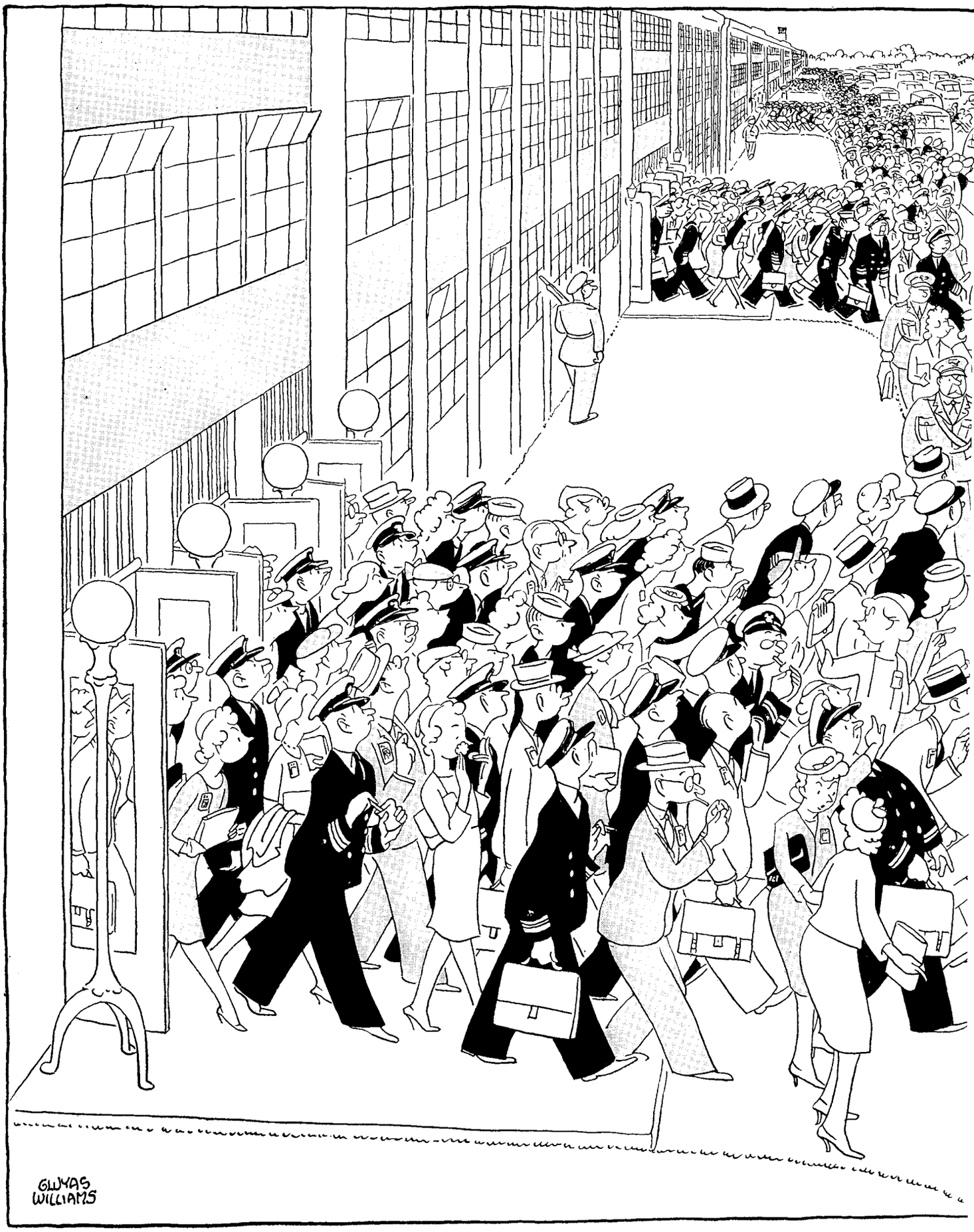

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PROFILES

BUSINESS BEHIND THE LINES—II

Major George Fielding Eliot

WITH the exception of Major Bowes, probably no major in the country has been more roundly honored than Major George Fielding Eliot, the military expert. Although he has never, like his colleague on the air, received from his admirers a two-pound clear Havana cigar, a cast-iron razor, or the skin of a wildcat, Major Eliot has been showered with the approval of some five million men, women, and children who follow his daily column in the *Herald Tribune* and thirty-four other newspapers. While his curiously penetrating voice has never moved the Sioux to confer upon him, as they did upon Major Bowes, the name Chellmig-whasket, or Chief of the Air, Major Eliot's millions of radio fans have adopted him as their favorite military expert. Though his lecture tours have been less extensive than the tours of the Major Bowes units, his following among members of women's clubs and businessmen's associations is impressive. He has also made personal appearances at the Military Academy at West Point and, being an amphibious man, at the Naval War College in Newport. His appearance at West Point did not necessarily constitute an endorsement of his product by the War Department, since other folk who have been booked at the Academy include such military figures as Miss Elissa Landi and Mr. Alexander Woollcott. For a former accountant, Major Eliot has nevertheless come a long way. His career is not only an inspiration to all restless C.P.A.'s but also a model for any resourceful young man who wants to train himself for a position in America's new and booming military-expert industry.

Becoming the dean of military experts was not easy for Eliot. He was an only child; his mother died when he was three and his father, a Brooklyn insurance broker specializing in marine policies, didn't raise his boy to be a soldier. In 1902, when George was eight, his father, who had married again, went to Australia on a business trip. Although he intended to stay only a few months, he took along his wife and George and, once there, discovered such attractive business possibilities that he decided to remain. The family settled in St. Kilda, a suburb of Melbourne, and there George attended grammar school. His father was determined that George should grow up to be a businessman, and tutored him relentlessly in arithmetic. This gave George a distaste for figures but came in handy later on when he went into bookkeeping work. After George had been in a Melbourne grammar school for four years, his father noticed that the boy was beginning to talk with an Australian accent. Evidently preferring a Jersey accent, the elder Eliot shipped George back to the States to attend Montclair Academy. When, two years later, the young man returned to Australia, he enrolled at the University of Melbourne, where, despite his father's objections, he became a member of the University of Melbourne Rifles, a cadet corps something like the R.O.T.C. in this country. The Major-to-be took well to military life and during his senior year held the post of regimental commander, the top rank for a college cadet.

Flirting with the notion of a military career after college, George was constantly opposed by his father, who, in those days before military-experting had become a paying proposition, urged the lad to be sensible and get into a remunerative line, such as insurance or accounting. To give his son a proper start, the elder Eliot found him a job as a clerk in the auditor's office of the Victorian Government Railways. As soon as war was declared in 1914, however, George quit working for the railroad and, without telling his father, joined up. Because of his cadet training, he was inducted into the Australian Imperial Force as a second lieutenant. He was made a first lieutenant after a few weeks, promoted to the rank of temporary captain about a year later, and during the last three months of the war held the grade of acting major. He was mustered out in 1918, after having seen action in the Dardanelles campaign and on the Western Front. He was twice wounded, once when the palm of his left hand was pierced by a bayonet and once when he was struck on the head by the butt of a German rifle. Both wounds left small scars.

When the armistice was signed, Eliot, taking advantage of a regulation allowing an extended leave to soldiers who had served for four years, was on a troopship bound for Australia. His father had died while he was away and his stepmother died soon after his return. Undecided about a career, he worked for the railroad again for a short while and then, after settling his father's estate, moved to Canada. He arrived in Vancouver in the fall of 1919. Practically everyone he met in Canada told him conditions in the States were very bad, so he knocked around the Dominion for a couple of years, working most of the time as an ambulant bookkeeper. One day in a bar he met a travelling salesman from Kansas City, who said that things in K.C. were looking up, so he made for K.C., where he got a job working for an accounting firm. His first assignment was to audit the books of the shirt factory in the Missouri State Penitentiary, and after that he took on a number of more prosaic jobs. Although he considered himself qualified to be a bookkeeper, he knew little about accounting practice. "I kept my mouth shut and watched what the others did," Eliot says, "and I came out all right." By boning up on his trade at night in textbooks, he managed to keep himself steadily employed. He wasn't happy in his work but he stuck at it for the next six years.

During this dreary period in Kansas City, Eliot, who had as yet no intimation of his eventual calling, nevertheless laid the groundwork for the strategy by which he was to pull himself out of an accounting foxhole and become, as subsequently advertised in *Look*, an "outstanding American military authority." Joining the Officers' Reserve Corps as a lieutenant, he was quickly

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promoted to a captaincy in Intelligence. The Captain, however, aspired to be the very model of a modern major, so he began to attend evening lecture courses given by Regular Army officers and do a fair amount of military homework in the hope of getting a promotion. A dispirited accountant by day and an enthusiastic soldier by night, Eliot made a distinguished record at night school. He also worked hard on correspondence courses provided by the War Department. Taking such subjects as first aid, military hygiene, and map reading, Major Eliot completed the necessary number of courses with passing grades. To supplement his studies, he spent a couple of weeks at an Army camp each summer.

After three years of this stringent regimen, Captain Eliot was ready to be commissioned a major. In order to do this he had to pass an oral examination given by the late Colonel E. L. Butts, noted as the originator of Butts' Manual, which is a system of physical exercises performed with a rifle. In a room in the Kansas City post office, Colonel Butts listened while Captain Eliot figured out and expounded the solution of an intricate hypothetical military problem. The examination took about three hours. Shortly afterward Major George Fielding Eliot came into being. Although the Major resigned from the Reserves in 1930, he has never yielded to the temptation to drop his title. Some peevish Army folk complain that this is overdoing the matter of loyalty to the service.

MAJOR ELIOT'S literary career, like his commission, had its genesis in Kansas City. Walking home from his accounting chores one day in 1926, he picked up a copy of a new pulp magazine called *War Stories*. He was at once struck with the idea that he, too, could write war stories. He knocked out a short story titled "On the Outpost Line," based on a friend's experience in the World War, and sent it along. It was accepted and he received a check for $100 and a request for more of the same. The Major was glad to oblige and presently was contributing to many other magazines, such as *Battle Birds*, *Thrilling Adventure*, and the *Lone Eagle*. The moment his income from writing warranted the move, he dropped his accounting. Like other successful writers of the period, the Major soon migrated to New York and Greenwich Village. He wasn't happy there. He was vexed by his carefree neighbors, who dropped in occasionally and interrupted his creative work. "They thought you were a writer and had no respect for your time," he says, still annoyed when he thinks about it. He moved from Fourth Street to Twelfth Street to Commerce Street to Darien, Connecticut. There, at last, he was unmolested. He later moved to upper Madison Avenue, where he now lives and has the advantage of operating on interior lines, such as the Fifth Avenue Coach and the Madison Avenue Bus.

In his pulp writing, Major Eliot appears to have been more heavily influenced by Edgar Rice Burroughs than by Karl von Clausewitz, the great German military writer. His short stories, written fast and loose, were considered first-rate by both the editors and the readers of pulps. Their heroes, such as Sergeant Jack Martin, "late of Massachusetts, despite his Australian uniform," who loped across the Desert of Sinai on the trail of a ruthless spy, were frequently Americans who had migrated to Australia in their youth. A story called "Tribes of Terror" is representative of the Major's military writing of this period. The editor's blurb, printed beneath the title, reads, "The Job Was Too Much for an Army—but Bill Brand Dared It Alone! Smashing Adventure in Abyssinia!," and the story begins:

> Bill Brand leaned across the polished desk until his grim, bronzed face was within a foot of the florid countenance of Colonel Ponsonby-Thorpe, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commandant of the Somaliland Camel Corps.
>
> "You know what I think?" he snarled. "I think you're a lot of lousy four-flushers! You're leaving a better man'n any of

"Excuse me, but I wonder if you could settle a little argument my friend and I were having. How many leafy vegetables do they give you a day?"

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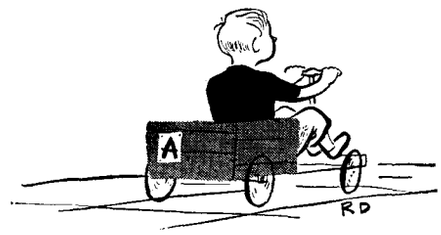
you'll ever be, to be murdered by a pack of stinking fuzzie-wuzzies—because he's got a contract that you'll fall heir to if he croaks. That's what I think," he added, straightening up and running a hard eye round the semi-circle of officers grouped behind the chief.

Colonel Ponsonby-Thorpe, C.M.G., D.S.O., as the story unfolds, refuses to lend Bill Brand a camel, so Brand walks across the desert, meeting with many thrilling adventures, such as being captured by desert tribesmen, hurled into a pit filled with death-dealing cobras, digging his way out of a dungeon, and escaping from an erupting volcano. After running this impressive obstacle race, Bill Brand is complimented by a friendly native, who observes, "*Franghi*, it is in my mind that you are a man of parts."

Aside from turning out sagas about men of parts at a couple of cents a word, Major Eliot's only professional military writing during this stage of his career consisted of three or four contributions to the unofficial Army and Navy service journals. For *The Infantry Journal*, he prepared an article about the French Foreign Legion. His point was that the Legion wasn't as bad as the movies depicted it. Although these articles paid very little, the Major was indirectly rewarded by the fact that he met his future wife through one of them. Disagreeing with the review in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings* of a book about the Dardanelles campaign, the Major wrote a short rebuttal in the same periodical. The author of the book, commanding officer of a battleship based at Norfolk, was so pleased that he invited the Major to drop down for a visit. The Major accepted, and aboard the S.S. Robert E. Lee going to Norfolk, he met a former schoolteacher, Miss Sara Elaine Hodges. Four months later they were married in a simple ceremony quite without military pomp and circumstance.

After a honeymoon in Florida, where the Major whipped out a serial story for *Liberty*, which had as its background a war between Japan and the United States, he and his bride returned to New York. To judge from his writings at that time, he was no less concerned about the international military scene than he is now. In April, 1936, several weeks before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, Major Eliot was merely looking in the wrong direction, his attention then being focussed on Russia. His name appeared that month over a story in *Thrilling Adventure*, which was headed by the blurb, "Pete Kendall, American Engineer, Meets Breath-Taking Perils as He Comes to Grips with the Masked Commissar!" A year later there is evidence of a temporary change in the Major's interest. He took up G-men. Although he knew little about crime and punishment beyond whatever he had picked up from the ledgers of the shirt factory in the Missouri State Penitentiary, Major Eliot had acquired a few source books on criminology and was turning out book-length pulp stories under the pseudonym of C. K. M. Scanlon. A month before the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge, which marked the beginning of the Sino-Japanese War, C. K. M. Scanlon wrote a short story which carried the blurb, "The Federal Bureau of Investigation Matches Guns and Wits Against a Nationwide Criminal Combine of Hijackers Who Defy the Law! Follow Dan Fowler on an Exciting Trail of Big-Time Crime!"

The fortunes of war and of military experting are such that it took a couple of peaceful editors to get Major Eliot on the trail of a big-time career. With a friend named Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy, who had been his collaborator on some pulp stories, the Major approached a book publisher in 1937 with an idea for a military novel. "To hell with the novel," the editor said. "Write me a factual book about what the next war's going to be like." Six months later the joint predictions of the prophets were published in a book titled "If War Comes." Although many of their prognostications turned out to be on the dreamy side, the Major is unabashed. "We're only mortals," he says modestly. The book had a small sale. "Nobody wanted to read about war then," the Major reflects today.



One man who wanted to read about war so much that he had studied Eliot's and Dupuy's book was the editor of the *New Republic*, Bruce Bliven, who was preparing a supplement on American Defense for his journal. He invited Eliot—Dupuy was living in Washington and thus less accessible—to contribute an article on the technical aspects of the problem. These aspects were blocked out one day in February, 1938, when Bliven and Eliot went to lunch at the New Weston Hotel and sat around the dining room until five o'clock, deciding what kind of army, navy, and air forces this country ought to have. During the next few months Major Eliot turned out about a dozen *New Republic* pieces. He impressed the editor not only with his copy but with his writing speed. When Bliven called the Major one Wednesday morning to inquire about an article promised for the following day, the Major was reassuring. "I've just got to write a short novel before I get to your piece," he said. "I'll be through with that by midnight, and then I'll get to you." The Major delivered the goods.

Eliot soon had offers from other editors who had seen his *New Republic* articles. Completely emancipated from the pulps by the middle of 1938, he was turning out articles for maga-

FOR THE TOMB OF ECONOMIC MAN

The Economic Man is dead.—*From "The End of Economic Man," by Peter F. Drucker.*

The Economic Man,
He went a crooked mile;
He made a crooked sixpence
By economic guile.
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In an Economic House.

The house has fallen in
On Economic Man;
It seems the present tenant's
Totalitarian.
The Fascist cat pursues
A Communistic mouse,
And they all fight together
In the new Collective House.

But Sociologic Man,
Inheriting the mess,
Will serve the common welfare
With social consciousness.
Coöperative cats
Will fraternize with mice,
And we'll all romp together
In a social paradise.

—Morris Bishop

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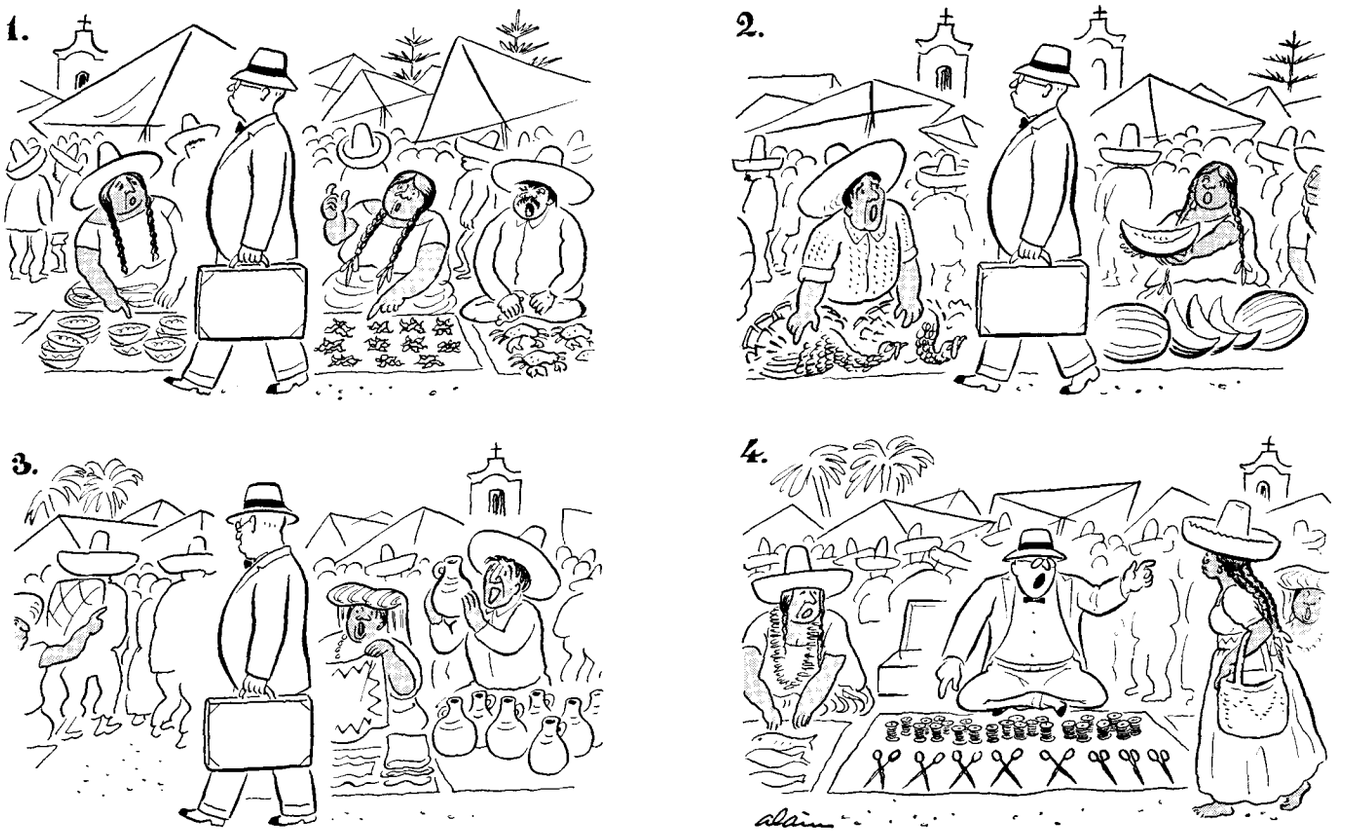

zines like *Current History*, *The American Mercury*, and *Harpers*. Instead of detailing the whiz-bang exploits of Special Agent Dan Fowler, Pete Kendall, and Sergeant Jack Martin, the Major became concerned with the adventures of Neville Chamberlain, Edouard Daladier, and Adolf Hitler. Meanwhile, he had written "The Ramparts We Watch," a book which developed the comforting thesis that the defense of America could be accomplished without either a tremendous expansion of our armed forces or industrial mobilization. The book sold 10,600 copies. "Then," the Major recalls today, "the dam broke." Spilling into his commodious lap came offers for more books, articles, and lecture engagements. After knocking out a book on air power, he hurried off to Europe in the summer of 1939 to get material for still another book. He intended in this, he says, "to cover the European military situation from soup to nuts."

Major Eliot made a dash through England, France, Poland, the Balkans, and the Middle East, talking with military and naval men. Before leaving England, he made a transatlantic broadcast for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and an agent representing him in New York started negotiations with Columbia to put him on as a regular commentator. Late in August, as Eliot was having lunch with a British admiral in Cairo, he received a cable from C.B.S. advising him that he would be taken on as its military analyst. Seeing that history was moving too fast for him, he decided to drop his book and rushed back to England. On the second of September, the day after the Germans began their blitz against Poland, the Major stepped to a microphone in London and confidently predicted:

It is my opinion that the Army of Poland is going to give a first-rate account of itself in the struggle which has been thrust upon it. . . . The Polish Army will not be easily destroyed nor quickly overwhelmed. . . . The Germans will not have an easy time of it moving large numbers of troops very far inside the Polish frontiers.

A prophet not without honor in his own country, Major Eliot returned home to receive a stirring welcome from his lecture and literary agents and to be deluged with offers. "I felt," the Major now says, "that I had arrived."

SINCE that momentous day Major Eliot has developed into this country's leading military expert. As a rule, in his experting, he tries to avoid prophecy. "It doesn't do much good," he says flatly. Although he frequently declares that it is impossible to be a military genius without taking risks, he prefers a more conservative system for himself. His method, while not like betting on every horse in a race, is something like betting across the board on five out of seven entries. In order to avoid any semblance of rashness, he gracefully takes one step backward for every step forward. He seldom trips. Considering the need for Allied reinforcements during the Norwegian campaign, the Major wrote:

Before this arrival of German reinforcements takes place, the British may begin to arrive. Or they may not.

Speaking of the Germans' use of field artillery in Russia:

There is, however, nothing to support the further supposition that artillery has been used offensively against Russian tanks; it may or may not have been.

Analyzing the Turkish-Bulgarian nonaggression pact, he said:

This may be just such another double-cross, engineered, if not participated in, by Hitler and Stalin, or it may not.

The Major, in addition to doing wonders with the "or it may not" theme, can play countless variations on the theme of "I will let you know later." For example:

It seems likely that a change of some sort in the Mediterranean naval picture is about to take place, but as usual it is difficult to ascertain very far in advance what its nature is going to be.

Or:

As to Moscow, we should be able to form a more accurate judgment very soon.

Despite these and other precautionary devices, the Eliot system sometimes

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breaks down. When the Admiral Graf Spee, after being attacked by three British cruisers, arrived in Montevideo, Major Eliot promptly explained what might happen. The Spee, he said, might make a break for the open sea, alone. ("Her losses of personnel are not crippling.") On the other hand, she might make a break, but with assistance. ("It is not beyond the realm of possibility" that two other German pocket battleships are rushing to rescue the trapped ship.) "Of course," the Major added, "the Spee may not go out at all." Still, she might come out—fighting. ("On balance, one may guess that she will come out. . . . The German high command may think it best to sacrifice the Spee in the hope that she will do so much damage before she goes down as to justify their order.") All this covered a commendable variety of possibilities, though, as it turned out, not the right one.

Naturally, neither Major Eliot nor anyone else can be expected to deliver infallible military judgments. As the Major himself often profoundly says, "Nothing is certain about war except its uncertainty." It may, therefore, be instructive to measure a few of the Major's expert judgments against those of an ordinary, inexpert citizen. Such a person was discovered recently by the Inquiring Fotographer of the *Daily News*, who asked a number of men he met on the street whether the war predictions they had made as armchair generals had come true. One man, a barber from the Bronx, replied sadly:

> I was wrong. I didn't think the Germans were so strong and the Russians fooled me, too. I thought we could hold the Philippines and I was sure that Singapore would hold. I'm so wrong that I won't predict the future any more.

Like the barber from the Bronx, Major Eliot, whose trade requires him on occasion to make predictions, didn't think the Germans were so strong, either. Writing in *This Week*, the *Herald Tribune's* Sunday supplement, in June, 1938, he observed:

> What is plain from an examination of these various facts and figures is that Germany is by no means ready for war and that the combined power of the Franco-British alliance is comfortably superior to that of the Rome-Berlin Axis. . . .

In *The American Mercury* about three months before the war began:

> Today one may confidently state that the German Army could not fight the French, single-handed, with any hope of genuine success.

Developing this view the same month in *Current History*, the Major noted:

> As a matter of cold fact, the Germans are far less ready for war than they were in 1914, they lack the resources for a struggle of any duration, their Italian ally is the weakest and most vulnerable in Europe, their economic and financial situation is uncertain (to say the least) and their armed forces are suffering the pains of rebirth begun only four years ago.

Speaking in St. Louis three months after the war had started, Major Eliot was saying:

> This is one time when we're strong enough to stay out of war. It's nonsense to worry about our getting in.

Six days before the Germans marched into the Soviet Union in June, 1941, the Major's column appeared in the *Herald Tribune* under the heading "Major Eliot Doubts Nazis Will Wage War on Russia Now." Subsequently, like almost everyone else in the world except a few unreasonable Russians, Major Eliot found it difficult to believe that the Russians would put up much of a fight. A week after the invasion he noted that "the balance in favor of an early German success seems such that the Western opponents of Hitler's Reich would be blind and stupid indeed not to take the fullest advantage of the priceless opportunity presented to them by the present German involvement in Russia." Two weeks passed and the Major was still wary:

> We may hope that Russian resistance will last on into the winter, but we have no assurance that it will.

Four more weeks of Russian resistance and the Major was still up in the air:

> While it seems quite possible now that there may be a stabilization of the front and a winter campaign in Russia, it is by no means certain.

In August, far from the end of a limb, he said:

> The Russian situation may be assessed as one of serious gravity, without going so far as to say that a military or industrial collapse is imminent.

In November, after noting some Russian successes:

> . . . the Germans have not yet given up; they are still seeking a decision; they may

NIGHT WATCH

"You can't dig clams now. Don't you know there's a war on?"

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make further gains; they may even take Moscow.

So it has gone. The Major is pleased with his record on Russia. "I think I was righter than most," he says, and he doubtless was. The odds of military guesswork being what they are—as unfair to experts as they are to statesmen and field marshals—Major Eliot's score may well be a little better than par for the business. He was right, for example, on October 22, 1939, when he wrote that Yugoslavia probably could not withstand a German attack for long, and when, on April 30th of this year, he said that a crisis was near in Madagascar, and when, on May 3rd, four days before the engagement in the Coral Sea, he wrote that a naval battle was impending in the South Pacific.

In believing that the Philippines and Singapore would hold, the barber from the Bronx made the common mistake of underestimating the Japanese, and so did several million other Americans, including the Major. Among many statements pooh-poohing Japanese power, perhaps the clearest was contained in a lecture Eliot delivered at Town Hall less than a month before Pearl Harbor:

Japan is in no case to fight a war with a group of major opponents. Her army is sadly out of date, having not one fully armored division, and being short of tanks, armored cars, anti-tank and anti-aircraft artillery, modern engineering equipment and modern communication devices. . . . As for Japanese air power, it is almost non-existent. . . . The American, British and Dutch naval and air forces are fully capable of isolating Japan from the world and bringing to bear the pressure of full blockade—a pressure which Japan could not long endure, but which she lacks the strength to break by force.

When the attack on Pearl Harbor came, the Major said in a broadcast that "this attack is of a suicidal nature, from which few of the ships, aircraft and personnel participating have any hope of returning." As for Hong Kong, Major Eliot was under the impression that it was "well equipped and munitioned and tactically very strong" and that "it would take a long time—months, perhaps—to reduce it by any means possessed by the Japanese."

Throughout most of the Malayan campaign, Major Eliot kept his followers bucked up. Even when things began to go badly for the British, the Major still had good news; once he broadcasted over C.B.S.:

To those who tend to become discouraged because of continual reports of British withdrawals and Japanese advances in Malaya, the present scene on the island of Luzon offers a heartening antidote, where the troops of General Douglas MacAr-

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thur are demonstrating that Japanese attacks can be stopped, that even infiltration tactics cannot penetrate at will into well-organized defensive positions properly disposed in depth. This is of considerable importance, for there is every reason to suppose that the British have organized just such a defensive position covering the tip of the Malay Peninsula and far enough from Singapore to keep Japanese artillery out of range of the dockyard, the harbor, and the city itself.

Even when Singapore fell, Major Eliot, who will never be accused of defeatism, pointed out that, after all, we still had Sumatra and Java, and when they were all but completely lost, he closed a thoughtful column with the hope that "even now, at the eleventh hour and the fifty-ninth minute, something may yet be accomplished by boldness and determination."

Occasionally during the Malayan campaign, the Major became a shade less optimistic. For example, in late January, when outnumbered British troops were falling back with great haste under enormous Japanese pressure, the Major's column appeared under the heading "Major Eliot Sees Counter-Attack as Only Way to Save Singapore." This strategical advice, in the opinion of some non-military observers, compared favorably with the medical advice prescribed by W. C. Fields to the patient suffering from insomnia: "Be sure to get plenty of sleep."

A WHILE ago Major Eliot pointed out to an interviewer that before he came along there was in this country no recognized writer on military affairs. "I wanted to fill that niche in American letters," he said. It is perhaps too early to say whether he has succeeded. It may be well to await further developments. Although it is difficult to ascertain very far in advance what the verdict of history will be, it may possibly place the Major in the hall of fame next to such other military experts as Caesar, Napoleon, and Clausewitz. Or it may not. —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(This is the second of two articles on Major Eliot.)

•

Q. Please tell me if 'psyrosis' is curable. E. D. S.

A. Psychosis is thinking you have a disease or other mental condition which does not really exist. Medical treatment helps most cases. Others are cured by "shock" treatment with insulin. If you meant 'psoriasis,' the skin disease with scaly white patches, please write me again. —*From Dr. Barton's column in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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THE THEATRE

NOTHING SO FAR

IN the course of the piece known as "I Killed the Count," which bounced into the Cort one night last week, the audience was permitted to see the same man killed three times by three different people and to hear a fourth confess to the crime. It remained, nevertheless, about the dullest exhibition you can imagine. If I ever knew, I've forgotten why everybody in the cast disliked Victor Mattoni or how three of them came to be dealing cards for the privilege of shooting him in the head, but that's how it was. The flashback device employed by the author, which shows all the ways in which the murder might have been committed, has, I suppose, its ingenious aspects and conceivably it is a good idea to propel a series of character actors onto the stage, allow them to say a couple of sentences, and then eject them just as briskly.

The effect on me, however, was more dizzying than anything else; there seemed to be a good deal of activity but no particular sense of direction or purpose. At the end of the second act, in fact, I found myself ready to agree with Divisional Inspector Davidson of Scotland Yard, who said plaintively, "There seems to be a lot going on here that I don't quite understand." The Inspector, incidentally, destroyed for me almost all my old dreams about The Yard, since apparently he lived perpetually in a little fog all his own. "But there can't possibly be *two* Bernard K. Froys," he said once. "What does all this mean?" And again, to his somewhat repellent assistant, "Raines, this is all getting rather ridiculous," which, indeed, it was. In the end, his spectacular incompetence proved too much even for his subordinates, one of whom felt obliged to remonstrate with him. "For God's sake, Inspector, try to remember you're a man of the world," he said.

It is obviously unfair to write too irritably about the actors engaged in a frolic like "I Killed the Count." It struck me that almost all of them performed in a manner rather more suited to a barn, but, on the other hand, they were engaged in an enterprise evidently designed for a barn in the first place. I'm sure they were doing their best with what they had, and no man can do more. They included, for the benefit of those with a passion for the record, Louis Hector, Le Roi Operti, Doris Dalton, and Clarence Derwent, who made me laugh at least twice, to my considerable astonishment.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

• •

FIDDLER'S GREEN

The ships that rode too long the salty angers
of tide-wrenched seas rest now upon deep silt.
Sunken under soundless tons, they tilt
sidewise their rotting masts; as phantom strangers,
looped with weed they lie; and phosphorescent
minnows flicker, floating between spread seams
of the ochre hulks; and reddened chains and beams
are lighted by fishes, not by the moon's low crescent.

The lost ships, rocking in emerald loneliness,
lean barnacled and probed, that once could tack
to trade winds and to gales. Beneath the wrack
they creak, long silvered with watery quietness.
While through their ribs swim finned unearthly hosts,
while through their shredded sails the dense tides run
and rusted sextants measure no swinging sun,
their golden decks are paced by silent ghosts
whose hands are warped by ropes, whose eyes have seen
caverns of coral and the final green.

—FRANCES FROST

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OF ALL THINGS

THE beginning of the fourth year of the war finds the German civilians gloomy and hungry. Their Führer's victories have brought them nothing but 150 million new boarders.

•

Washington military authorities warn us not to feel too good over our successes in the Solomon Islands. Perhaps we should be thankful that they do not ask us to burst into tears.

•

Experts suggest four possible reasons for those Japanese retreats in China. A fifth might be that the pleasure-loving little fellows have not been happy there.

•

The Axis will be sorry to hear that practically everybody in the United States is now back on the job. The vacation is over for workers, school children, and oysters.

•

Wendell Willkie is visiting Moscow as a messenger for the President. He may expect a warm welcome, even if he isn't quite a second front.

•

The Attorney General finds no great amount of truth in the recent wholesale charges of disloyalty among government workers. One gets the impression that Mr. Biddle does not care much for the Dies gossip column.

•

It is announced that draft registrants who were married after Pearl Harbor will have the status of single men. Our government does not recognize shotgun weddings, it seems.

•

Steps have been taken to relieve the President of the job of signing hundreds of petty routine papers. It is to be hoped that the new system will be continued for the duration of the Republic.

•

Police Commissioner Valentine has set a record for tenure in his job. He keeps himself in the pink of condition by throwing politicians out of the window.

•

"Tobacco Road" has returned to Broadway after an absence of sixteen months. New York seemed to be cured of this bad habit, but there has been a relapse. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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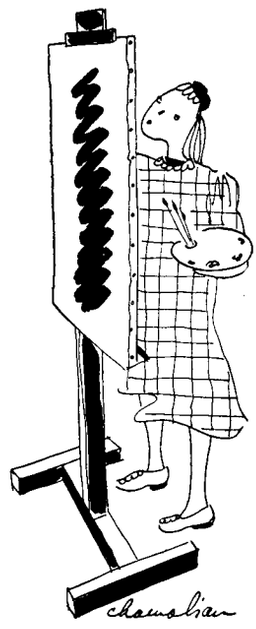
BUNDLE OF BONES

WE came across the bones on a Colorado Rocky mountain a few yards below timber line. It was my ten-year-old son who spied them. He was riding ahead of our cowboy guide and me when suddenly he reined in his horse and called out, "Look, Mother! Dinosaur bones!" As I rode up beside him he was pointing at something, and there, a little way out in a boulder field that bordered one side of the trail, were indeed some very large and very gray bones. We all three dismounted and scrambled over the intervening rocks, my child and I having a heated discussion because I said they couldn't be dinosaur bones and he asked why they couldn't be, and I said because dinosaur bones were so large museums had to add on sort of hangars to house them, which he said didn't prove anything because these might be just its toes, and I said well, they weren't, and he said how did I know they weren't, and by that time we had reached them. There were four bones in all, about the length and thickness of good-sized fire logs, with curious, nubbly ends. Weathered to a point of seeming partially petrified, they looked strange and, I had to admit, very ancient. My son's eyes widened and he whooped, "Maybe I can sell them to the Natural History Museum!"



For a little while we stood there staring at the bones. I had no idea what they were, and even the cowboy said he was dogged if he knew, although they might have once belonged to a buffalo. My child was charmed with them and announced that since he had discovered them, he "fenned" them—a claim which was set up undisputed. When it came to taking them back with us then and there, however, I demurred. But he begged, demanded, and oh-pleased with such fervor that I gave in, and the three of us dragged the great, unwieldy objects back to the horses. We managed to hoist and lash one bone onto the back of each saddle, and the long-suffering cowboy carried the fourth in front of him like a mace. We got the bones back to the ranch, where my son added relish to the evening meal by making a tour of the dining room, displaying his trophies and asking the other boarders what they thought they were. The fact that nobody seemed to know added appreciably to their value. He then lugged them back to our cabin and arranged them on the stone mantelpiece.

THE eve of our departure from Colorado was attended by the usual packing hysteria. My son's appreciation of the West had expressed itself in lavish local purchases in the way of Western boots, ten-gallon hats, studded belts, and a number of other things, and I had reached the state where, whimpering with rage and frustration, I was alternately tramping about on a bursting duffel bag and thumping myself down on suitcases, which refused to shut, when my son came beaming into the room. It was his fourth appearance that evening. Each time previously he had brought me objects of unpackable proportions, and each time I had bellowed at him to get out and stay out. He now arrived empty-handed, but he pointed to the macabre display above the mantelpiece and said sweetly, "Don't forget, Mummy. I'm taking those with me." I conquered an impulse to hurl a bootjack at him and asked icily just what he imagined they'd go into. He looked at the various overflowing receptacles and at my expression and then said "Oh" so meekly that I softened and told him he might take the bones with him if he'd get them tied up in a package. He went off to the main house, happily staggering beneath the load, and prevailed upon our waitress to do up the bundle for him. Our waitress was a student from Teachers State and everyone agreed she was a lovely girl, but her talent for tying up bundles was on a par with her talent for waiting, which was negligible. She wrapped those osseous specimens in pieces of shelf paper which were held in place by yards of white cotton string, the sort they put around light parcels in dry-goods stores. The resultant bundle was massive and, because of the weak string, the only safe way to carry it was by hugging it with both arms. It weighed around forty pounds.

Our jumble of luggage looked disreputable enough as it was, and the addition of this gem didn't lend it any tone. Nor were we ourselves particularly in keeping with the swank atmosphere of the streamlined train we boarded the following afternoon. Our travelling clothes, which for two months had been rammed into a small closet behind an accumulation of blue jeans and other rugged apparel, lacked something of their original smartness. My hat had not only lost its shape; it had taken on a curious new one, while the one my child had worn on the outward trip had completely disappeared. This loss delighted him, because it meant he could wear his Tom Mix model, which contrasted quaintly with his best Brooks Brothers suit. The local barber had given him a haircut which left his head looking like plush in back and with a heavy thatch in front. My complexion, which out on the range I had secretly admired as being glowing and rather radiant, now, with the addition of city makeup and hair-do, looked like Sadie Thompson's.

Our porter greeted us politely but with little warmth and that little waned when, upon being asked if he could find a place in which to stow the great, unwieldy bundle, he picked it up by the string, which instantly snapped, allowing a layer of paper to burst asunder and an ancient femur to clatter down onto the Burlington's best de-luxe carpet. Laughing nervously, I explained, "It's just some bones my little boy found. We're taking them back with us because we don't know what they are." The porter's expression indicated that he wasn't far from guessing they were human bones and might still have traces of recently murdered flesh on them.

That evening, before turning in, my ten-year-old spent an hour or more in happy speculation over just what he would purchase with the proceeds of his prospective sale to the Museum of Natural History. He began with a Sealyham terrier and ended with a Chris-Craft. His enthusiasm was contagious, and I began to have a few illusions myself. Not that I foresaw any immediate ownership of a Chris-Craft, but I found myself thinking that maybe these were rare specimens after all, and, in fond maternal fancy, summoned up a picture of a group of eminent scientists patting my son on the head, praising him in learned language, and presenting him with a medal or a little citation or even a small stuffed animal.

WE reached Chicago the following morning. It was one of those days when the buildings wiggle in the heat and people with a fancy for such pas-

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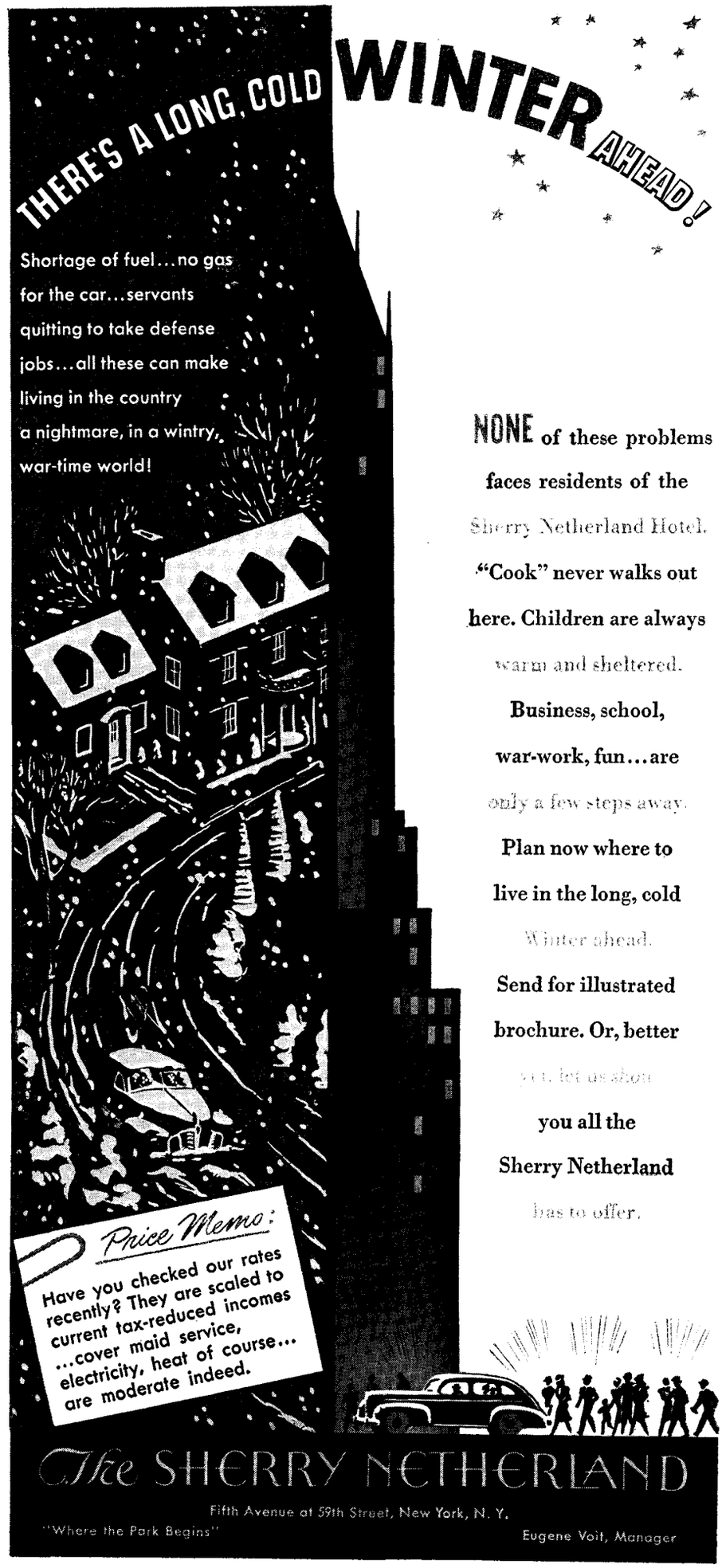
times fry eggs on sidewalks. We had a four-hour wait between trains, a period I had planned to spend in the air-cooled sanctuary of some movie house. But I reckoned without the scientific fervor of my offspring. He recalled the fact that Chicago was the home of the Field Museum, a flash of youthful intelligence which at any other time would have filled me with quiet pride. Why couldn't we take the bones over there and have them analyzed? I instantly stated every conceivable reason why we couldn't, even to the back-to-the-wall last stand, "because I say so." I tried all the well-established forms of bribery, including newsreels, double frosted-chocolates, and rifle ranges, but my son was adamant. He even became lofty-minded, reproached me for considering trivialities at a time of such import, and his final play was to point out the fact that for weeks I had been begging him to enlarge his mental interests beyond the bounds of comics and the Lone Ranger and now that he was doing so I was being anything but coöperative. At that I gave in. We checked the remainder of our luggage at the station, a porter heaved our massive parcel into a taxi, and I gave the address to the driver.

The Field Museum is not a building around which porters loiter, and, as everyone knows, the approach to it is up an impressively vast flight of steps. The taximan made no offer to help us and I was too ashamed to ask him. There was no alternative but for my son and me to lug the burden between us. By now the shelf-paper wrapping had split in a number of places and several yards of string had come unwound and was trailing along the ground and occasionally twining itself about our ankles. Some of it still remained wound about the package, but we knew, if we took hold of it, it would burst, so we each took hold of an end of the monstrous bundle and carried it between us, which meant we had to face each other and ascend the majestic stairs sideways. The heat beat down in blinding intensity and the package seemed to grow in weight. It split in a number of new places and a protruding bone kept gouging me in the stomach at every step.

Panting and puffing, we gained the top of the stairs and managed somehow to get through the door. The main hall opened out before us in all its immensity and a colossal group of elephants towered above us. Even my boy looked definitely awed. But spurring myself on, I approached the first uniformed man I saw and said brightly, "How do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you do?" He grunted a reply, and in a horrifyingly glad tone I continued, "My little boy and I have some bones here. What shall we do about them?"

"How's that?" said the guard.

"Some bones," I said. "We found some bones out in Colorado and—"

"*I* found them!" burst in my son.

"That was fine, sonny," the guard said with perfunctory politeness.

"We'd like to have them analyzed," I went on. "Maybe *you* could tell us what they are."

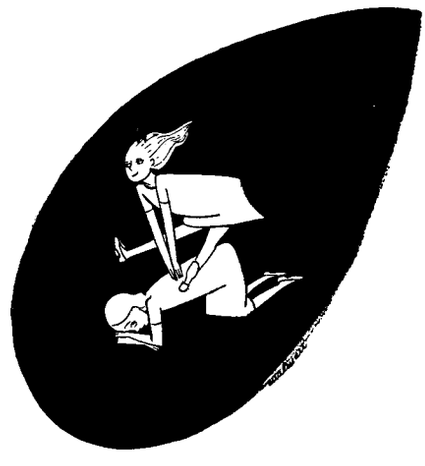
The guard sighed. It was clear he was used to my type. Then, telling us to wait a minute, he left us standing in the entranceway. Passers-by stared at the exhibits, then at us and the extraordinary looking bundle at our feet.

After several very long minutes the guard returned with a businesslike young woman, who asked what she might do for me. I grinned inanely and in a clubwoman's voice, which I recognized with amazement as my own, said, "How do you do? I'm Mrs. Blodget!" (I would have perished sooner than give my professional name and so took refuge in the comparative anonymity of my married one.) Then for some reason I added, "From Long Island. And this is my son Dickie. We've found some bones."

The young woman eyed us and our bundle. "You'd like them passed on?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "But I don't want to bother anyone. I just thought maybe you or one of the guards could tell us—"

"This way, please," she said, and walked briskly off toward a door marked "Private." My son and I hoisted our burden between us and followed, I muttering words to the effect that we hadn't expected them to go to all that trouble, to which the young woman, with crisp politeness, replied not at all, that was what they were there for, and led us into a dignified reception room. She asked us if we minded waiting a minute and, before giving us a chance to say whether or not we did, went swiftly out, closing the door behind her and leaving us sitting on the edge of a formal settee. By now I had the definite foreboding that this was all a big mistake, but I smiled bravely at my son, who was looking exactly the way he does in the dentist's waiting room. Neither of us spoke. After a time a door opened to admit a second businesslike young woman. We sprang to our feet, grinning vacuously, and again I heard myself saying, "How do you do? I'm Mrs. Blodget from Long Island and this is my son Dickie and we found some bones out in Colorado."



The young woman gave us a kindly smile. "You're in luck today," she said. "It just happens that Dr. X is in the building, doing some special research."

"Dr. X?" I limply echoed the name she had uttered.

"Dr. X." She repeated his name. "He is our chief paleontologist. In fact, he is the leading paleontologist in the country."

This bit of information frightened the living daylights out of me.

"Oh!" I said. "Dr. X won't want to be bothered with us!"

"No matter how busy he is," she said sweetly, and started filling out a card, "Dr. X always has time for science-lovers."

"But I'm not a science-lover!" I said. "I mean to say, I just have some bones and I really don't think they're as good as all that!"

"Only last week," she said, continuing inexorably to fill out the card, "someone brought in quite an ordinary-looking bone and it proved to be that of a sabre-toothed tiger. So you see, you never can tell."

"No indeed, you can't," I said. I never spoke truer words.

The young woman handed me the card, which she had filled in with bits of information about ourselves, told us to show it to any guards or attendants who questioned us, then led us around to a small, hidden elevator and told the boy to take us to the top floor. My heart sank as rapidly as we rose. Our parcel of bones by now looked more disreputable than ever. My hat had slipped to the back of my head, a stray wisp of hair had fallen across my face and had caught in the corner of my mouth, and I was perfectly certain my nose was gleaming.

THE top floor appeared to be almost entirely roofed with glass. The sun of that blistering day beat down upon

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it and we advanced, feeling like a couple of mushrooms *sous cloche*. I gasped in amazement that Dr. X could do any research in such intense heat, to which my son (who had no more heard of Dr. X than had I) explained, "It's probably his training in the jungle."

A guard waylaid us, read our card, and, telling us to come right that way, led us down a corridor to a door marked with Dr. X's name. Since the day in my freshman year when I was first called up by the dean, I had never known such abject panic. My impulse was to turn tail and run, leaving the bundle like a foundling on Dr. X's doorstep. But that would have meant losing face with my son—not that there was much face left to lose. I took a deep breath and knocked. A mild voice said, "Come in," and with our package bumping and thudding between us, we entered the room.

Dr. X, a quiet, kindly-looking gentleman, was bent over a table, gazing at something through a magnifying glass. He looked up, smiled charmingly, and said, "How do you do?"

For the third time I heard myself burbling the ghastly patter about being Mrs. Blodget from Long Island.

Dr. X listened politely, then asked if we'd please undo our parcel. Our parcel had by now just about undone itself. With a nervous titter, I struggled to disengage the snarled-up string, removed the battered bits of shelf paper, and revealed our treasure. As the Doctor gazed at them I waited for a happy gleam of recognition to light up his countenance. None did. After a while he looked up. "Yes," he said, "those are the bones of a horse."

"A horse?" we echoed in weak unison.

"A horse," Dr. X repeated.

My son's face had fallen several feet. "But they're such big bones," he said.

"That's because it was a big horse," said Dr. X.

There was a strained silence. Then my child, with a renewed flicker of hope, asked, "How old would you say they were?" I knew that he was hoping they dated from somewhere around the Ice Age.

The eminent scientist turned one over thoughtfully and said, "About twenty-five years."

I tried to laugh off the awkward pause that ensued, burbling some inanity to the effect that I guessed he'd been bothered before by other foolish laymen, to which Dr. X offered no reply but showed us, by way of solace, the sabre-

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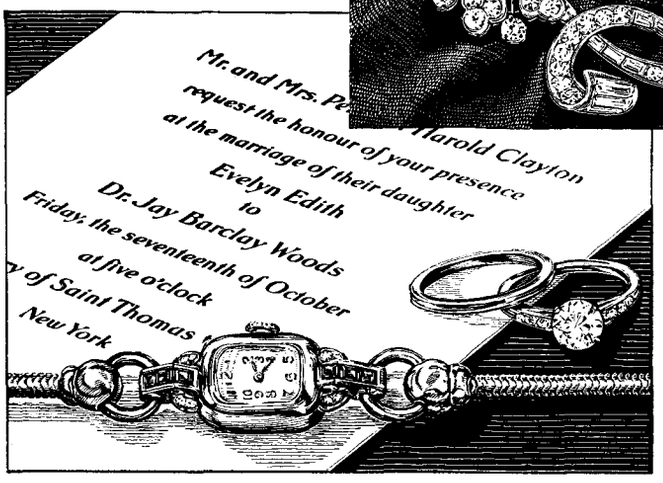

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toothed tiger's bone. It looked to me a good deal like an everyday drumstick, except that it was the color of mahogany, but we gazed at it with proper expressions of awe, after which it was apparent our interview was at an end. It was also apparent that Dr. X expected us to take our bones away with us. I cast a surreptitious glance about the room, hoping to find a large receptacle for the dumping of rejected specimens, but I failed to see even a scrap basket. My son and I wrapped the bones up again in the fragments of shelf paper and rewound the bundle with the cobweb string. I spluttered some apologetic thanks and bowed, and Dr. X said, "Not at all," and also bowed. Silent and subdued, we made our way along the simmering corridor and went down in the elevator. We passed the guards with averted eyes and somehow managed to get out of the building and into a taxi. My son and I didn't say much on our way to the station, nor were we especially animated during the remainder of our journey. My child, with a curious loyalty, had insisted upon taking the bones home with us.

There, with the aid of some crankcase oil, he stained them a deep brown and, in open defiance of Dr. X, exhibits them to his friends as part of the wing structure of an ichthyosaur. I, for one, wouldn't dream of contradicting him.

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

•

One couldn't worry a great deal about anyone when every time one got into one's bed one was so tired one slept from the moment one's head hit the pillow.—*From "Heaven Isn't Here," by Maysie Greig.*

How many of you are there in that bed, anyway?

•

. . . for Mr. Gielgud's company abounds in fine actors, two of whom—Francis Lister and Abraham Sofaer—contrive to make the scene where Macbeth hears of his wife's murder the emotional high spot of the play.—*The Times.*

It would be the high spot for the author, all right.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a letter from the Health Cigar Company*]

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOTES ON AN UNPLEASANT FEMALE

A PLUMP, long-legged spider emerged from the rotten log that I was carrying to the fireplace and fell to the floor, where it lay on its back for a moment before turning clumsily over and making for refuge. Its belly displayed a design in red, roughly resembling an hourglass. Recognizing by this danger signal that I was in the presence of a black-widow spider, I stepped on the creature. That was thirty years ago.

Ever since then, curious to know what I had escaped, I have intermittently been on the lookout for someone who had been bitten by a black widow. In upstate New York, where I live, the species is rare. Stories of its malignant temperament and capacities, however, are not. Through the years, in the course of my random investigation of the subject, I have picked up and tracked down several reports of supposedly authentic instances of its bite. One case proved to be merely a badly infected hornet sting. Another was caused by a pimple which developed into erysipelas, the spider under suspicion turning out to be quite harmless. A third reputed victim had sat down on a rusty nail and developed tetanus. Other cases either were of origins too dubious to determine or, more often, outright newspaper fakes.

Meantime, although verifiable instances of bites did not come my way, data on the spider did. *Latrodectus mactans*, as the North American black widow is known to arachnologists, enjoys pretty much the run of this continent, and it has equally poisonous cousins of the genus *Latrodectus* in nearly every other part of the world. Encounters with black widows have been reported in Europe, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Madagascar. In this hemisphere the spider is known all the way from Canada to Tierra del Fuego, and in this country its presence has been recorded in every state except four Midwestern ones and Vermont. In the Deep South, where black widows are especially common, soldiers in training camps have found them a persistent hazard of maneuvers, and I have it on the word of several young men who have been stationed down there that the bite of this pest can put a husky warrior to bed in agony for three or four days. Because of the spider's unobtrusive habits and its preference for dim and remote haunts, it escapes much public notice. Most people have never seen a black widow and wouldn't know one if they came across it. The newspapers occasionally become excited about "epidemics" of black widows, as they did in 1934 and again a couple of years ago, whereupon scores of bites, mostly imaginary or flatly fictional, are reported, fortified by horrific representations of the creature's deadliness.

The full-grown female black widow has a rather obese body about half an inch long and eight one-inch, sprangling legs. Naturally, she has a consort, but he is hardly one-fourth her size, bites only rarely and then with almost no effect, and seldom has the luck to become a black widower, owing to the female's shrewish habit of eating him shortly after mating. Having thus put him to the double purpose of bed and board, the widow withdraws to her web and lays her eggs.

The widow is inclined to be torpid in movement and slow to wrath, biting, except for natural predatory purposes, only when cornered or rudely annoyed. Within reasonable size limits, she will eat anything that she can kill, cockroaches, water bugs, and flies being her preferred items of diet. Drafty, old-fashioned outhouses are among her most favored hunting grounds; in them she weaves her coarse and somewhat unworkmanlike web where it will most likely intercept the flights of winged insects as they come and go. That is why a large proportion of her human victims are bitten in strictly personal localities.

The red (sometimes orange) hourglass mark on the belly of the black widow is peculiar to the species, which is officially credited by the United States Bureau of Entomology with being the only spider "considered as definitely venomous" to be found in the United States. Champions of the lethal capacities of the tarantula will probably rise to amend. They are prereferred to a leading authority in this field, Dr. W. J. Baerg, Professor of Entomology at the University of Arkansas, who has concluded from experiments with fourteen species of tarantula that the poison is not dangerous to man and produces only local symptoms. Dread of the tarantula, it would appear, may be assumed to be the

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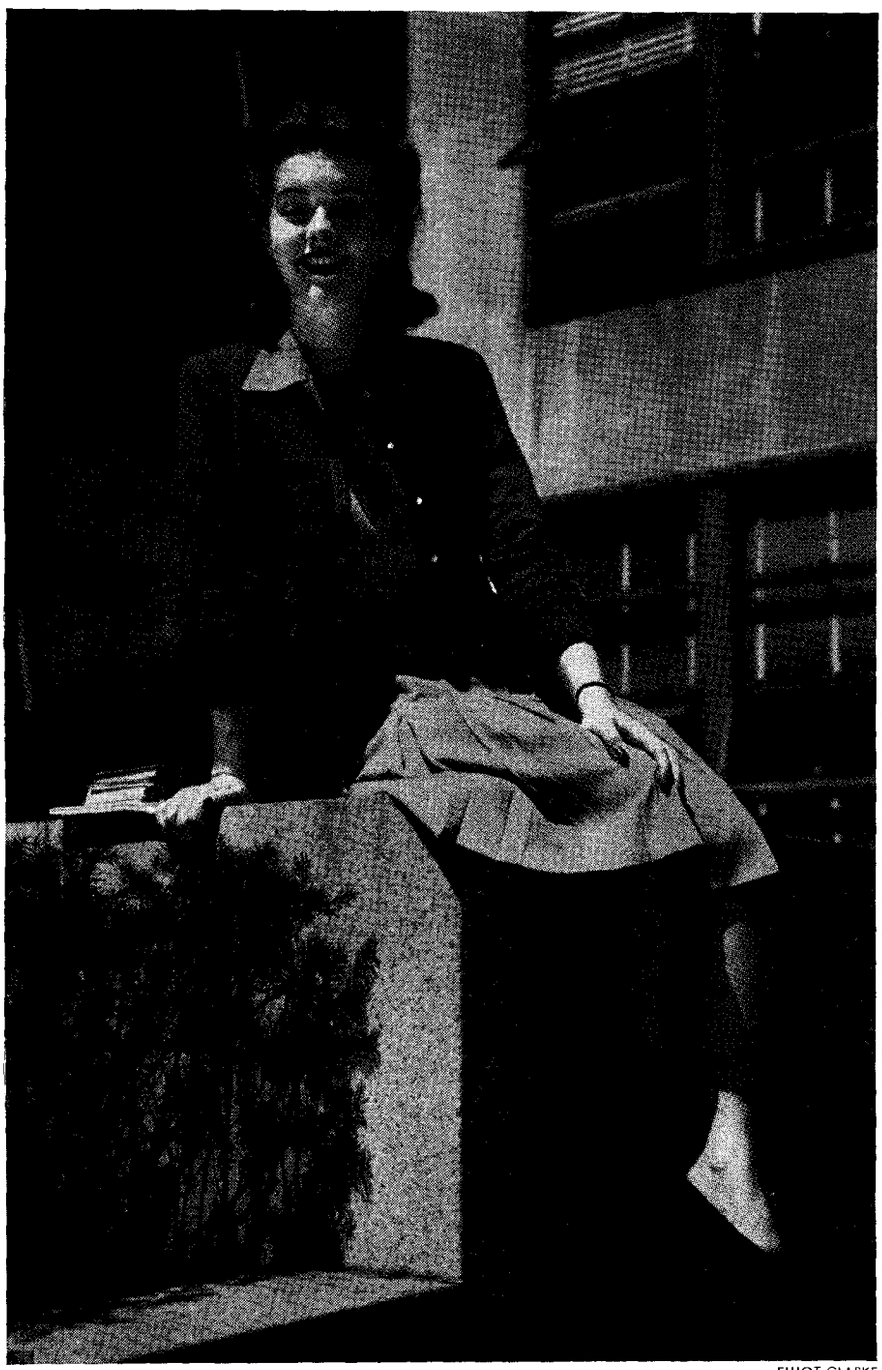

ELLIOT CLARKE

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result of hysteria, inspired by the horrendous appearance of the monster.

HOW "deadly" is the black widow? On the basis of not wholly conclusive testimony, it would seem that her bite is no joke, but neither is it in a class with cobra bite or Asiatic cholera. Medical writers cite death rates ranging from one to ten per cent among persons bitten by the spider. Whence the ten-percenters derive their data is not clear, unless on a quasi-syllogistic basis, thus: spider bites man, man dies; *ergo*, spider is guilty of man's death. Many recorded cases are as dubious as this.

For example, two deaths are on record in a clinic at Woodland, California. One of the victims was seventy-eight years old, syphilitic, and had heart disease. If a bird had pecked him on the nose, he might well have died of it. Autopsy on the other case showed a "ballooned" intestine, resulting in digestive paralysis, with all of which the accused spider probably had about as much connection as if the deceased had died of prolapsus uteri. The California State Board of Health lists thirteen deaths in fourteen years from "spider bite," "poison-bug bite," and "insect bite" (spiders, by the way, are not insects). More than half the entries mention contributory causes, ranging from urethral abscess to cirrhosis of the liver. The report seems to me to put the hearse before the horse; it is the spider who should be listed, if at all, as the contributory cause. Many cases came under the observation of Dr. R. H. Evans, an Arkansas physician, while he was practicing there in the town of McCrory. One of these resulted in death. A Negro woman, far advanced in pregnancy, was bitten. She recovered; the child died. In the absence of other apparent cause, the physician was inclined to attribute the death to the poison. One may doubt whether a jury would convict on the evidence.

More conservative than the medical fraternity, arachnologists tend to play down the black-widow peril. Professor J. H. Comstock, in "The Spider Book," states with scientific conservatism that "the percentage [of deaths] is certainly very small." And Dr. Baerg, who has himself been bitten, writes me:

> In my opinion fatal termination of black-widow bite cases is extremely rare. ... When questioned, I have commonly stated that if an infant were bitten in the neck, I would predict that it would either die or have an awful time pulling through.

Furthermore, the pharmaceutical firm of Sharp & Dohme in Philadelphia,

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which has had considerable experience in making antivenin for black-widow bite, deprecates crediting the spider with an overly lethal record in its contacts with man. I have received a communication from a representative of this company, which certainly should not be expected to minimize the threat of the black widow. He writes, in part, as follows:

> We are inclined to disapprove the publication of such figures as were quoted by the *Medical World* in October, 1939 (57:669). The statement is made that "Many spider bites are reported every year in the United States. Of 600 cases reported, 40 were fatal." Such statistics cannot give a true picture of the actual situation. . . . While the statistics published by the *Medical World* apparently show that the mortality rate is about 6½% of those bitten, there is every reason to believe that the actual rate is considerably lower.

My correspondent observes that fatal cases are much more likely to be reported to the authorities than non-fatal ones and that in many non-fatal cases the victim doesn't even suspect that he has been bitten by a black widow.

This much may be said for the lady *Latrodectus*, however: Her venom, drop for drop, is probably the most virulent poison secreted by any living organism. It is fifteen times stronger than the venom of a prairie rattlesnake, and the only reason the black widow has not correspondingly more victims to her credit is that she has at her disposal only 1/200th of the amount of poison her rival carries. A rattler endowed with a charge of equal potency could kill an elephant in jigtime. Also, if the ardent testimony of victims is to be trusted, the black widow's poison produces an all-time high in pain.

MY first encounter with a person who knew the effects of black-widow bite from direct experience was brought about by a medical friend in Jacksonville, Florida, whom I visited recently in the hope of tracking down just such a case. Florida has been particularly spider-conscious since one day in 1939 when a coastwise vessel docked at Miami and its captain made frantic representations to the quarantine authorities that his hold was overrun with black widows, which had even emerged on deck and taken up residence in the lifeboats, scaring his crew to the verge of mutiny. The invaders had come aboard, presumably, at Gulf ports at which the ship had called, having been attracted to her by the cockroaches with which she was amply supplied. The ship was de-spidered at Miami and several hundred dead black widows were removed, but many

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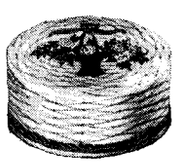

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live ones evidently got ashore. My Jacksonville friend had gathered data on several local black-widow victims, one of whom was ready to be interviewed. "Not the most recent but the best," he said to me as we set out to meet this individual. He meant the best medically.

The victim was Mr. H. J. Rogero (pronounced "Ro-her'-o"), whose experience, it turned out, predated the Miami incursion. My friend and I found him at the seed-and-flower store he runs in Jacksonville. Though Mr. Rogero's misfortune is several years old, his memory of it is explicit, and he still speaks of it with emotion. He recalled that on the day he was bitten he was at work in a small pond on his country place at Mandarin, Florida, on the St. Johns River, and had put on, over his bare feet, a pair of loose, knee-high laced boots, which had been lying in a dark corner of the back porch. While in the water he felt a sharp jab on his left foot.

"Not like a sting," Mr. Rogero told us. "More like being stabbed with a needle."

It was painful enough, he said, to decide him to remove the boot. While unlacing it, he was bitten twice more. When he got the boot off, he shook it and a spider fell out, looking like just another spider to him except that its under side was brilliantly marked.

"Pretty little fella," said Mr. Rogero reminiscently, if unscientifically, in view of the undoubted sex of his attacker. "I almost hated to kill him."

Presently, he went on, three small, red spots appeared on the upper side of his foot, between the little toe and its neighbor. Ignoring an unpleasant burning sensation, somewhat allayed when he stepped back into the cool water, he continued his work. At five o'clock, four hours after the bite, he went into the house and undressed, preparatory to taking a bath.

"It hit me like a hammer," said Mr. Rogero. "I fell back on the bed and everything got black. As soon as I could stand, I called my wife, got into my car, and we hit the road to my doctor's."

The physician had had no experience with black-widow bite; all he knew on the subject was that the Seminole Indians of the interior had told him about a small black-and-red spider whose bite they considered worse than a rattler's. He hopefully gave his patient a sedative and advised Mrs. Rogero to apply hot compresses.

Mr. Rogero drove home, suffering severely. It seemed to him that a mist kept sweeping up across his eyes. "I thought it was bad," he said to us. "It was only a starter." At ten o'clock that night, the first convulsion set in.

"It wasn't exactly pain," Mr. Rogero continued. "It was something different. It went up my back like hell-fire, up to my neck, and across my shoulders. If it reached my head, I knew I was gone. It didn't; it went down way to the toes of both legs, and up and down in waves. My muscles all knotted tight. I couldn't do a thing to help myself."

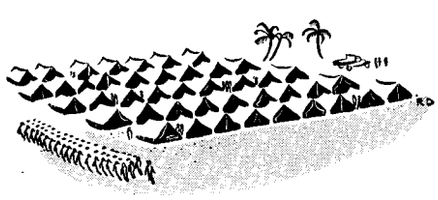
When the second or third spasm hit him, Mrs. Rogero summoned the doctor, and her husband began to tear up his bed clothing. He ripped the heavy sheets into strips, like tissue paper. "If you think that's easy to do," Mr. Rogero suggested, "try it."

All that night there was no letup. Sometimes there would be two attacks in an hour. The physician was in and out, attempting to control the onsets with drugs. He was more alarmed than the patient. "I wouldn't let myself believe that a *spider* could kill me," Mr. Rogero told us. "But if I'd known as much as I do now, I guess I might have died. It got so I'd say to myself, 'This is the last, Rogero. It's got to be the last. You can't stand any more of this, Rogero.' Then I'd pop my teeth till I wonder they didn't break."

Not until the third day did the doctor consider the patient out of danger. For a month Mr. Rogero was fearfully sore all through his back and legs. Pus sacs formed around the bites. To this day he feels pain there when the weather changes.

Several months after his recovery, Mr. Rogero was interested to find two black widows in a cleared space in his back yard. They appeared to be comatose, and while he was looking at them, a third, similarly inert, was dropped not far off by one of the large blue wasps locally known as mud-daubers. Consulting a scientific friend, Mr. Rogero learned that these insects paralyze the spiders with a carefully placed sting and use them as food for their larvae. Since then he has cherished mud-daubers. "I'll fight any man I catch harming a dauber," he told us earnestly, as my friend and I took our leave.

In one respect, the Rogero case was exceptional. Almost invariably the pains and spasms are in the abdominal muscles, whereas his were in the legs, back, and shoulders. A recognized symptom is a boardlike rigidity of the stomach, which is so similar to the signs of an advanced stage of perforated ulcer of the intestine that surgeons have sometimes been misled into operating. Medical reports on black-widow bite frequently and darkly refer to instances of such erroneous diagnosis and operation, though, for obvious reasons having to do with professional discretion, names and details are suppressed. In these reports surgeons are earnestly adjured to pause, where other evidence of intestinal involvement is lacking, and explore for marks of spider bite before reaching for the scalpel.



THROUGH my medical friend in Jacksonville, I subsequently made the acquaintance of another gentleman who knows what it is to be bitten by a black widow—Mr. Johnny Bradberry, assistant sports editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Symptomatically considered, Mr. Bradberry's case runs truer to type than Mr. Rogero's. Mr. Bradberry had his set-to with a black widow five or six years ago, when he was a husky, twenty-year-old student at the University of Georgia, which is in his home town, Athens, but he too has no trouble recalling it. He told me that, turning over in bed at home one morning, half awake, he felt a sharp prick in the small of his back. Sleepily he groped for what he supposed was a pin but found nothing and stretched out for a final snooze.

"Just then she let me have it again," Mr. Bradberry said. "That waked me up all right."

Satisfied that he was dealing with no casual pin, he hopped out of bed, threw back the covers, and saw the spider. Having recently attended a motion picture in which the villain murdered his victim through the agency of a black widow, the young man recognized his assailant and, after dressing and telling his family what had befallen him, lost no time in getting to the local hospital. The Bradberry family physician arrived with Johnny's two brothers, about half an hour after the bite. Meanwhile the poison had worked swiftly.

"Just about the time they got there I started to hurt," Mr. Bradberry told me. "And I mean *hurt*. Pains shot all over me. It was in the stomach that they hurt most. I couldn't get my breath. I couldn't talk. And I couldn't relax. Try clenching both your fists and drawing up your stomach as tight as possible. Hold every other muscle as tight as you

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can and then try to talk without breathing. That's how I felt."

He said he retained his sense of what was going on about him sufficiently to overhear the doctor say to one of the brothers, "Frankly, Lee, I don't know what to do for him. The serum that we once used for such cases has been taken off the market. I don't think there is danger of death, but you can't tell. I guess it depends on how much poison the spider was carrying at the time of the bite."

"As my spider had had two good shots at me," Mr. Bradberry observed to me with some feeling, "this didn't help much. Besides, I kept thinking of that damn movie."

For two days the victim had a bad time of it.

"I couldn't relax or lie still except under the influence of drugs," Mr. Bradberry recalled. "On the third day I felt better—that is, until they poured three doses of Epsom salts down me within an hour."

The patient went home the next day, where he was kept in bed for forty-eight hours. The poison was not yet through with him, however.

"For a month or more, without warning," he said, "a muscle would tighten up and quiver like a bowl of jelly, and that would keep on for two or three minutes. Nothing I could do would stop it."

Since describing his own experience to me, Mr. Bradberry has had occasion to study the effects of black-widow bite on a neighbor and has been good enough to pass along the details. The neighbor is Mrs. H. L. Duncan, who not long ago moved into a new house in a section of Atlanta which until recently had been woodland. While cleaning up the front yard one day, Mrs. Duncan gathered some brush into her arms and was carrying it to a dump when a spider ran across her chest and onto her shoulder. Feeling no bite, she casually brushed it off, stepped on it, and went on with her work. In a few minutes a spot on one of her arms, up near the shoulder, began to sting—"as if a hornet had sat down on me," she said to Mr. Bradberry—and a red circle the size of a half-dollar, with a white spot in the centre, developed at the place of pain.

Becoming alarmed, Mrs. Duncan drove to the hospital, prudently taking the dead spider along with her. By the time she got there the stinging sensation had spread through her back, arms, and chest. It felt, she told Mr. Bradberry, as if a million needles were being jabbed into her, "all the way into my

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THE FLAVOR of Johnnie Walker is *different*. One small sip tells you that it is a *distinctive* whisky... Scotch at its smooth, mellow best! Distilled and bottled in Scotland. Enjoyed all over America!

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muscles." Hospital authorities identified the spider as a black widow and, being supplied with the proper antivenin, which had become available since the time of Mr. Bradberry's travail, injected a dose into Mrs. Duncan. It failed to relieve the pain, which, the patient now recalls, "began to feel like knife slashes," particularly at the soles of her feet and in her toes. None of the customary abdominal symptoms was present, however, nor did she experience any difficulty in breathing, circumstances which the hospital physicians thought might be credited to the action of the antivenin. She became delirious the first night and for several days lay prostrated, largely because she was unable to keep any food on her stomach. She made an uneventful recovery but for several weeks suffered from recurrent pain and stiffness in the arm and shoulder where the spider had got her.

WITH a view to providing an opportunity for complete scientific observation, Dr. A. W. Blair, while a member of the faculty of the University of Alabama, volunteered some years ago to act as guinea pig by letting a black widow bite him. The results of this experiment are set forth in the *Archives of Internal Medicine* for December, 1934. A large and healthy specimen of the spider was caught in a rockpit and placed on the volunteer's hand, where she obligingly bit him three times. In fifteen minutes things began to feel unpleasant locally. In an hour pains of a nature and violence quite outside Dr. Blair's previous experience shot across his neck, chest, and stomach. His breathing was labored and gasping, his heart action slow and weak, he could speak only with difficulty, and his abdomen was as hard as a board. Other physicians took him to the hospital, where his own interest in the case became more personal than scientific.

He turned ashy gray. A cold sweat broke out on him. He could not straighten his body. He was put into a very hot bath and various drugs were administered. For three days he was an exceedingly sick man. Then he began to throw off the poison and in a week was himself again.

"I do not recall having seen more abject pain manifested in any other medical or surgical condition," the attending physician reported of this case.

One purpose of the experiment was to determine whether or not a bitten subject acquired immunity to the venom, as is supposed to be the case with snakebite. This, of course, called for a repeat

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performance, but there was none. "I was presented with the opportunity of deciding the point," Dr. Blair has since said, "but lacked the courage to submit myself to a possible repetition of the first experience."

For which, all things considered, he can hardly be criticized.

A COUPLE of years ago there was a brief item in the papers about a Chicago resident who reported the theft of his car to the police of that city. On the back seat of the machine he had left a satchel and he warned the police that anyone opening it was in for a surprise, as it contained fifty black-widow spiders, collected for laboratory use. So far as I have been able to find out, that was the last that was heard of the case. Presumably the Chicagoan's spider collection had been destined for an experimental laboratory rather than for commercial use, as I am assured by the previously mentioned firm of Sharp & Dohme that no other concern in this country makes black-widow spider serum to sell and that all its spiders come from the vicinity of Philadelphia.

Sharp & Dohme get their black widows from a hardworking amateur arachnologist in Philadelphia, who sometimes picks up as many as two hundred a day. Piles of old boards and small stones are frequently rewarding, as it is in such places that the black widow prefers to weave her web. This is a sprawling arrangement of tough, elastic silk, anywhere from six inches to two yards in diameter, built around a central cone or funnel about the size of a man's finger, into which the spider retires when frightened or when eating. There are several ways in which a collector may bag his prey, the most wily being to tie an insect to the end of a piece of string and dangle it in front of the web until the black widow emerges, thinking to make a kill and retire with it to her lair. The collector then cuts off her means of retreat by breaking up the cone of the web and nabs her with a pair of forceps. Each captured spider is placed in an individual glass container as a precaution against cannibalism and sent to the Sharp & Dohme laboratories in Glenolden, a town south of Philadelphia.

Once there, the black widows are killed by exposing them to the fumes of potassium cyanide and their venom glands are extracted. The glands are dried and ground up in distilled water, which is then filtered. The resulting solution is injected into horses in gradually increasing amounts until the animals show no reaction to the doses, or are, in other words, immune. This process takes from six months to more than a year, depending on the horse, and the immunization of one horse requires the glands of anywhere from fifty to more than a hundred and fifty spiders. A horse that has been made immune becomes a sort of blood donor, a gallon or so of its blood being drawn off at a time and made into antivenin by removing the red and white corpuscles from it. Black-widow antivenin is administered to patients through a hypodermic needle. One injection, if given within an hour or two after the bite, can usually be counted on to stop the spreading of the pain, although as we have seen in the case of Mrs. Duncan, the antivenin does not necessarily assure a complete quick cure.

TWO bits of advice may be adduced from all this. First, in case you are bitten by a black-widow spider, run, don't walk, to the nearest hospital, preferably one with an adequate supply of antivenin. Second, bring along the spider as proof; otherwise, you are liable to wake up and find that you have been operated on for an abdominal ulcer that wasn't there.

—SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

• •

FIVE-STAR EPITAPH

(DEDICATED TO MRS. ROOSEVELT, WHOSE REMARKS ABOUT A CERTAIN SUBJECT BROUGHT HER A REBUKE FROM HEADQUARTERS)

When copy desks begin to droop
  Or newsrooms lack a sure sensation,
One deathless, one immortal scoop
  Has served for every age and nation.
One topic since the time of Solomon,
  Since Nineveh, I think, and Tyre,
Has always done to write a column on
  Or titillate a minstrel's lyre.

The weather, the weather,
The immemorial weather!
It always fills a column
Or feeds a minstrel's lyre.

Great Homer loved the subject dearly.
  C. Dickens seldom wandered off it,
While Noah's reputation clearly
  Was founded as a weather prophet.
When Caesar penned his Commentaries,
  When Pepys was covering the town,
Although their treatment sometimes varies,
  They always set the weather down.

The weather, the weather,
The fascinating weather!
They always put the weather
Industriously down.

Then hymn the heat wave, praise the blizzard,
  Sing to the lightnings and the thunders
That top the list, from A to izzard,
  Of sovereign and incessant wonders.
But by the same inviolate token,
  Pity the censored scribes today,
Who see a season's record broken
  And not a single word can say—
Though flood descends or whirlwind starts,
Must lock the secret in their hearts.

The weather, the weather!
They've had to scrap the weather.
The saga of the weather
Lies festering in their hearts.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE
CHARLES R. DRAKE · MANAGER

THE RACE TRACK

Betting on Anything

RACING moved back to town for the autumn last week and has been zooming along at Aqueduct ever since. As just an old turnstile-and-tote-board watcher, I must report first off that nearly sixteen thousand visitors wagered more than $900,000 on the opening day and didn't seem too upset about the way the Bay Shore Handicap came out. As to that, Doublrab, the gray wonder-sprinter of early summer, who did nothing but take the waters at Saratoga, was beaten by Salto, who spent August in no such idleness but was 15–1 and your money back, nevertheless.

Almost everybody bet like mad all week. Perhaps this was because a lot of people around here hadn't been to the races for so long, or there may have been something in the heat wave which bounced in on us after the first couple of days. Whatever it was, the pari-mutuel turnover averaged more than it did a year ago, although the racers were not so numerous and, if you must know, not so good.

THIS situation has prompted Colonel Martingale to apply for a patent on his Race-o-Meter, a rare contraption which he has sketched on the back of a two-dollar tote ticket and guarantees to be the answer to the average betting man's prayer. It consists of a treadmill on a stage, like the ones they used to have for the chariot-race scene in "Ben-Hur," carefully separated by a solid brick wall from an auditorium in which there is a pari-mutuel setup. Eight horses, a good number for competitive betting purposes, would be led to the treadmill and made to go at top speed for a minute and twelve seconds, which is about the time it takes a fair selling-plater to do six furlongs, and the extent of their exertions would be recorded on a machine. Sportsmen, who could be counted on to jam the auditorium, wouldn't be able to see the runners, of course, and would be paid off on a basis of the ergs of energy each animal expended on the treadmill—information which would be posted in colored lights on a scoreboard. Naturally, there would be a special rule that anyone

Your Opinion

of the quality of this hotel rises every day you live in a Drake individually equipped suite . . . Smart style, good taste, luxurious comfort, room-size closets, lavish linen, and *personalized* service characterize The Drake. Current demand suggests early inspection and selection

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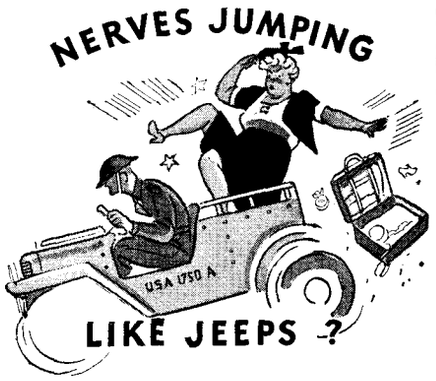

Start for Saratoga Spa and The Gideon Putnam where exhaustion is "cured" away. Crisp, brisk Adirondack air whisks away brain fag. *Do nothing* — or golf or ride or sun. Relax in the Spa's famous "Restoration Cure." Special treatments if your heart condition or arthritis demands. The Gideon is your country home with roomy rooms, notable foods, deft service. No car needed. The hotel is privately operated. E. C. Sweeny, *Lessee.* Booklet with fall and winter rates on request.

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bringing up the subject of an animal's pedigree would be thrown out of the place.

IF Whirlaway won't go to Alsab, Alsab will come to Whirlaway, which is why Alsab, or so a carrier pigeon reports from Chicago, will visit Belmont Park shortly. Also, it seems that Whirlaway has developed weight trouble; at least, Ben Jones, his trainer, says that the long-tailed fellow isn't going to run if he has to carry more than 130 pounds, unless the other runners carry high weights too. Whirlaway has gone north to run in the Narragansett Special this weekend. Last year War Relic beat him in that race, but War Relic hasn't been around all season.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: Among the many stable superstitions is one which holds it to be the worst possible luck for a horse to walk into the winner's circle before a race. So when Bug Boy did it on the way to the start one afternoon last week, everyone who had bet on the other runners laughed heartlessly. Just for that, Bug Boy finished in a dead heat for first place with something named Psychiatrist. Make what you will of it. . . . I'm sure everyone would like to see flat racing on a turf course at Belmont. As a matter of fact, the original plan for Belmont, drawn up nearly forty years ago, called for a turf course of a mile and a sixteenth inside the steeplechase one. . . . The working clothes of a tip seller outside the gates at Aqueduct consist of dove-gray doeskin slacks and a dark-blue broadcloth dinner jacket with a wide shawl collar of robin's-egg-blue satin, on which his name is tastefully and modestly embroidered in gold—Clocker Burns. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The hostess, assisted by Misses Sue and Rose Manning, served green and white bridal ices, individual cakes, and nuts to the following: Mesdames Bill Fletcher, D. H. Bunn, Homer Bunn, Frank Manning, Archie Bilbro, J. A. Barnes, W. S. Williams, O. C. Holland . . . —*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

Nuts to you, too.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the New Republic*]

Someone remarked the other day that if the Germans had landed at Key West and seized the southern half of Florida, the country would be very much excited.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance . . .

. . . during the grand wind up of the three-day battle of Midway —two American pilots in radio conversation.
Pilot Number One: "Do you see any gas coming out of my plane? There's no fuel on the gauge."
Pilot Number Two: "Yeah—you got a hole in your tank." . . .
(news item)

. . . a pursuit pilot who fought as a soldier on Bataan reports on a Jap landing party: "They have the best equipment I ever saw. Everybody had special field radios" . . . etc.
(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

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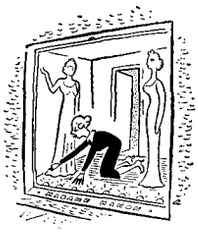
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PROBABLY our greatest strength (and at times our greatest weakness) as a nation lies in our enormous adaptability, which makes almost any situation seem like the most natural thing in the world by the time said situation is a month old. Similarly, the headlines and controversies of the week before last are blithely forgotten if they fail to fit in with things as they are at the immediate present. It was only last spring that the fashion world was in a fine dither over the WPB edicts regulating skirt lengths and the width of hems in order to cut down the use of fabric by the civilian population. (This was no panic, like the one that accompanied the collapse of Parisian dressmaking, when you would have thought, to hear some of the girls go on, that we were about to be reduced to wearing Mother Hubbards, but it stirred up lots of excitement, nonetheless.) Now, just six months later, the furor is so much a thing of the past that women ooh and ah, exactly the way they've always done, over the new fall clothes, as oblivious to the novel framework of regulations which governs their essentials as if it did not exist at all. By Christmas, women will look nonplussed if you so much as mention a zipper. I swear they will.

Bergdorf Goodman have never been noted for doing things by halves. Faced with the necessity of designing skirts with only a moderate amount of swing, the shop's experts have elected to ignore all pretensions of width in their day clothes and to use the narrowest possible lines, making hems interesting with, say, a flat band of broadtail or a touch of braid. (Most of the jackets here, by the way, are short again.) There are two black wool suits, with broadtail hems and trimming around the necklines, which have fitted jackets that come just to the hips, and there is a brown wool one that has a slightly scalloped hem in scroll quilting and is just too lovely. Another black wool affair is called the "drawstring" suit, having a broadtail bow at the small of the back that is fastened on by what is apparently a drawstring. There is also a plain, black-wool, fitted topcoat that has an ingratiating cloth bow.

Then there are wool day dresses which are as attractive as anything you've seen since the heyday of Chanel. A belted one of black wool has buttons down the bodice and, below the waistline, detail that suggests a dude's pants—creases, front and back, and a couple of tiny pleats over the hipbones—and results in a slight barrel effect, which you see a great deal of here; this dress would be wonderful even if it didn't have a blue-and-silver crocheted tie at the throat. Bergdorf does a lot with crochet. Another example is a black wool dress with black crochet extending from forearm to wrists where separate black knitted gloves, of the kind children wear, take over. Two devastating day dresses are made of shimmering gray duvetyn. One buttons up to a turnover collar and has a skirt with a couple of slanting folds which give that slight barrel effect I mentioned; the mannequin who wears it carries a muff of natural seal, which has a gold-gray sheen. The other dress has delicate scrolls of steel beads around the hemline, on the sleeves, and, in flat decorations, across the stomach.

When you leave this stark and youthful elegance you are confronted, at Bergdorf, with jet—jet fringe and jet embroidery lavishly used on dinner clothes of both day and evening lengths. There is one medium-length black crêpe dress that would be enormously chic for the right woman, with its simple V neck and a hem running straight across in back and forming two jet-embroidered V's in front. In general, however, street-length dinner dresses tend to look fussy to me, particularly if they are draped up to one hip and have glistening fringe dangling from them, and my point of view on this subject is undoubtedly Bergdorf's own fault, inasmuch as one day long ago they slapped me down very hard when I asked what a girl should wear in the evening if the man didn't dress. They sniffed that anything between a day suit and a full evening dress was hopelessly suburban, and evidently I learned my lesson too well.

For evening, B. G. show some of the most beautiful draped tubular black jer-

"Oh dear, are we still under the influence of Guatemala?"

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sey dresses on record. These have high backs and surplice V fronts and cling tight to the body up to a high waistline; a full fold of drapery falls either from the base of the V or from a point just under one breast. Another artful bit of draping is achieved in a brown crêpe dress with self-lacing up its corsetlike bodice; the slashed skirt has peplum drapery that is flat in front and balloons out over the hips from where it tapers to the ankles. For women with a pompadour and a sense of humor, there is a pre-Gibson-girl evening dress with a black jersey skirt and a short-sleeved, jet-beaded bodice that has actual stays, a wide oval décolletage front and back, and ends on the stomach in the narrowest V you ever saw. For one and all, look at plain black dinner suits with jackets that hook up the front. They may be full length and have jet gilets or a band of jet around a narrow hem; or—and these are heavenly—they may be street length and have jackets with criss-crosses of jet beads on them. The monkey-fur hat worn with the first of these models looks gaga but just right.

AT Bendel, they remain utterly devoted to a long torso-line, particularly for evening. There are quantities of those easy gracious black dinner dresses, with paillettes or embroidery, that look elaborate and are still as comfortable as a hostess gown. One consists of a long bodice, which is gathered across the top of the hips and decorated with turquoise-and-gold embroidery, and a skirt that has a vast embroidered pocket on one side. Another has an iridescent belt made of sequins in pastel colors, and on a third (this is a Molyneux) pastel sequin strips give the impression of pockets on the bodice and skirt. Among still other slender and slinky dinner dresses is a white crêpe one that is trimmed with gold embroidery and has a bloused jacket, and one of mustard-colored jersey that has a long-waisted medieval line, shirring across the shoulders above long sleeves, and drapery low on one hip. For more formal occasions, you'll see a long-sleeved dress with a bodice of heavy white lace that is drawn in tightly to a point well down on the stomach before it permits a black tulle skirt to cascade forth. They've even managed a picture dress here by using pink slipper satin which, because of its stiffness, stands out and gives the illusion of a billowing skirt; its top is an off-the-shoulder ingénue thing with flowerlike buttons of red glass.

For the daytime the cut is so pencil-

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$190. Then, too, you can solve your heating problem in the truly grand manner with one of Jackson's half-dozen remaining porcelain stoves, the last of a fabulous collection of Old World beauties. They're like something out of a fairy tale and their prices run from $400 to $950. Don't forget, though, that that's only the beginning, as it requires tearing your house apart, or the next thing to it, to get one installed.

To File and Not Forget: The Bestway Shine Removing Company, at 416 Madison Avenue (49th), devotes its time, as you might guess, to removing shine from and restoring nap to worn and abused fabrics. In the case of tweed or woollen mixtures, the nap-restoring often brings back surface color lost through wear. The rejuvenation treatment costs $4 for a suit (male or female) and $2 for a skirt or pair of slacks. Dry-cleaning and pressing are thrown in. My own ancient Harris tweed came back a trifle limper but radiant with renewed youth and health. I don't know what the process is, but it could be magic. —B. B.

•

Announcement was made here yesterday of the marriage of Mrs. Katherine Adams Young Guess Chenevert, daughter of Mrs. George Morley Young and the late Judge Young, who was presiding judge of the United States Customs Court, to her first husband, Mr. Shorey Cameron Guess, son of Mr. Harry A. Guess, of Forest Hills, Queens, and the late Mrs. Guess. The ceremony took place at Webster, S. D., on May 18 last. No further details were revealed.

Mr. Guess is a mining engineer. Their first wedding took place Oct. 12, 1932, at the home of her mother. They separated a year later and were divorced in Reno May 31, 1934. On June 22, 1940, Mrs. Guess was married at the home of Judge Genevieve Cline, 77 Park Avenue, to Dr. Philip A. Chenevert, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Guess attended the National Cathedral School, in Washington; the Spence School, this city, and Smith College. Her father served in the North Dakota Legislature for eight years and represented that state in Congress. He was appointed to the United States Customs Court by President Coolidge. Mrs. Guess, now in New York, gave a luncheon yesterday on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. Guess received a degree as mining engineer at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. On March 31, 1935, he married Miss Ruth Lytle, of Kingston. They had a daughter. His father, Mr. Harry A. Guess, is vice-president and a director of the American Smelting and Refining Company.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Now, if you'll be good enough to tell us what happened to Dr. Philip A. Chenevert . . .

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straight that waistlines are barely indicated at all. Molyneux has contributed several costumes that are tempting, one of them having a loose three-quarter-length jacket of dark-green broadcloth with a bright-orange crêpe lining and a turnover collar above the black bone buttons that are a Molyneux trademark. The dress beneath is black wool, with a modified turtle neck and facing of orange crêpe, and a decorative slash here and there to let the color emerge. Another beauty is a straight black wool coat with buttons down the front and detail on each side of the opening which gives the effect of a coat worn over a dress. (I'd have it made as a dress, myself.) A black velveteen jacket with loose sleeves covers a wonderful black wool dress that has bolero detail in front emphasized by saddle-stitching. And look at a tan wool coat with self-covered buttons, accompanied by a slinky brown crêpe dress that has fullness low in the back and casual folds around a normal waistline. Molyneux also contributes one of those any-age dresses of sapphire-blue velveteen, with a turnover collar and slash pockets in the front of its gathered skirt.

All in all, it's difficult to describe the day clothes in the new collections, because they are so utterly youthful and trim and sane that only the eye can do them justice. Which augurs well for the appearance of our women this winter. They should look very neat—and very vital. —L. L.

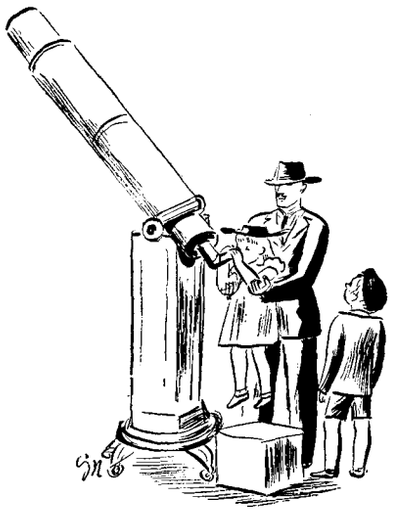
ABOUT THE HOUSE

Stoves

THE government's suggestion that the prospect of fuel-oil rationing be met by turning oil-burning furnaces into coal-burners has apparently struck some homeowners as only part of the answer. Going the whole hog, these foresighted folk have been out buying small coal- and wood-burning stoves—Franklin, potbellied, and every other room-heating type—at a startling rate, with the result that astonished dealers in such wares are already very nearly cleaned out of their stocks, and householders who have yet to experiment with the idea of sacking central heating for old-time parlor stoves are going to have to scurry around if they hope to find any. No use holding off in the hope of replacements later, either, as no new stoves are going to be made from now on, except for use by the Army.

The flurry has had at least one agreeable outcome: it has brought out of long hiding a collection of some twenty-five rare and beautiful American stoves—early ones, dating from the seventeen-hundreds to about 1850—at Jones & Erwin, 15 East 57th Street. With the warehouse dust brushed away to reveal their classic Greek, stately Gothic, and wedding-cake-rococo detail, and with their insides restored to working order, these true museum pieces are now on view and, what's more, for sale at prices which start at $45. There are Franklin stoves, that cozy invention of Benjamin himself and the earliest of all American stoves designed for heating rooms, unless you want to count those which the first Pennsylvania Dutch used to copy from iron stoves brought over from their old homes in Germany. There are box stoves, squarish and wonderfully ornamented, a Victorian development aimed at tidy housewives who were happy to forego the Franklin's friendly, open face for a completely enclosed fire that sent nothing but heat, unsullied by soot and ashes, out into the room. The other stoves shown, from various periods of our early history, are fancy ones that look like little pergolas, houses, and Gothic churches. Some in the collection will burn either coal or wood and others just wood; all are efficient heaters (a stove had to be in the days before furnaces) and all have undeniable charm and good looks. They can be used in any room offering access to an unused chimney flue, either through an existing fireplace or through a wall.

THERE are also a few iron parlor stoves left at Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60th Street. When I was there last week he had (in addition to hopes of getting more) two antique Franklins—very early wood-burning ones—and eight little chunk stoves, for cannel coal or the chunks of wood which gave them their name. The chunk stoves start at $25 and are a find, since they don't need a separate flue for safe operation, a fact which often makes them useful in upstairs bedrooms. Access to a chimney by way of a stovepipe through the wall is, of course, necessary, but any flue leading from a downstairs fireplace will answer a chunk stove's purposes. All eight of the examples at Jackson's are small, about the size and shape of the familiar shovel-a-day laundry stove, and can't be expected to supply adequate heat to rooms measuring much more than ten by twelve feet. However, they're decorative, many of them are ornamented with patriotic symbols, and they'll do a small heating job well and cheaply.



Somewhat more plentiful at this shop are grates to install in wood-burning fireplaces, which then become ready consumers of hard or cannel coal. Since both of these fuels will probably be available in sufficient quantities and since both not only cost considerably less than wood does hereabouts but require less attention from the family fireman, once he gets the knack, grates are worth considering as an investment for this winter when town fireplaces may suddenly be called upon to provide more than soul comfort. The least expensive Jackson grates, which run around $10, are made for cannel coal, meaning that they haven't the ash dump provided in hard-coal grates for the disposal of clinkers. The shop would rather see you try cannel first if you are a new convert from wood, because starting and maintaining a cannel-coal fire requires no special technique, whereas hard coal is tricky and temperamental in unskilled hands. Besides, cannel coal burns with a real flame and does enough crackling and spitting to prevent acute nostalgia in those accustomed to a real log fire. If you're going to use much of it, though, you'll have to have a chimney sweep in about once a year, for the stuff gives off an awful lot of soot and can play hob with a chimney in a single winter.

You'll find fancier grates here, too—old ones and modern reproductions, all of the stationary sort requiring a real job of installation. The antiques are English and some of them are really fine old brass-trimmed hob grates with ample resting places for the traditional singing teakettle; $75 to $90. Creditable copies of these are also present, at $40, and come in several sizes, one of which may just happen to fit your fireplace. Old steel grates with delicate and lacelike grillwork start at about $90, and the most magnificent of all, almost a jeweller's piece, is silver-plated;

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sinecure

VICTOR MATURE, whose appeal is said, by those who have noticed it, to be of a primitive sort, has been cast rather ingeniously in his latest picture, "Footlight Serenade." In it he is a world's champion prizefighter, a Max Baer-like figure who lands himself a part in a Broadway musical comedy on the strength of his title and his lively personality. The champ has had no stage experience, but he's so colorful and attractive to women that he's sure to be good box-office. This character, as you can see, is so close a parallel to Baer that you can figure that he *is* Baer and expect no more of him in the way of art than you did of Baer when he took up screen acting. This makes things much easier all around. Mr. Mature is acting the part of an actor who doesn't know anything about acting. You just assume that he has submerged his own talent altogether, and any time he yawns or whistles or otherwise registers emotion, it's so much gravy. If you accept the notion that you're watching a prizefighter act, you won't be so dismayed at what you see. Unless, of course, the sight of a kind of flimsy motion picture dismays you.

John Payne, Betty Grable, and Cobina Wright, Jr., are other members of the company. John likes Betty, but Betty is kept pretty busy by the attentions of Victor. Actually, she can take Victor or leave him alone, but for purposes of suspense she doesn't do either until well into the final footage. Miss Wright plays the rôle of a jealous hussy. In addition to featuring a man called Mature and a girl with a "Jr." after her name, the film has Mr. Hermes Pan as dance director.

THE Gestapo, as portrayed in "Berlin Correspondent," is just plain foolish, which is lucky for Mr. Dana Andrews, who plays the correspondent (American). Caught in Germany at the time of Pearl Harbor, he throws his weight around with abandon and succeeds in undoing the Reich completely. "Berlin Correspondent" has been co-featured lately with "Bambi," a Disney product that has been mentioned in this department before. It might be worth while, though, to add a few remarks about it, provided they're good and

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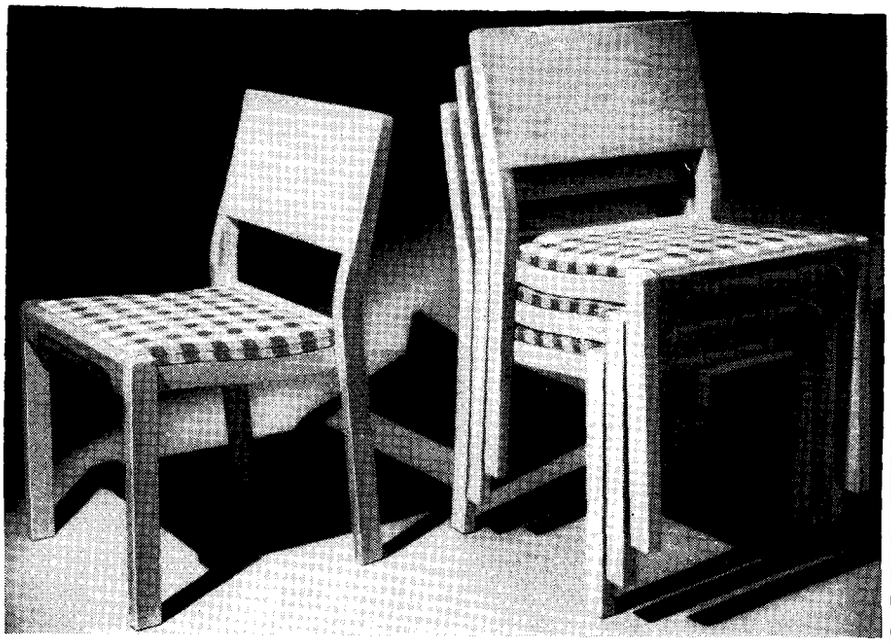

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weighty. There is a definite lack in this cartoon, if you can still describe the works of Walter Disney as cartoons, that may exist only when you compare it with his other major efforts, but one way or another it exists. The trouble could be that this deer doesn't have as cluttered a life as Pinocchio; it's certainly true that his friends aren't as fancy a bunch as Snow White's, although they probably include one or two more varieties of animal life. It's also true that the songs that are popular in his circle aren't up to "Heigh-Ho" or "An Actor's Life for Me." Something was missing, at any rate, and on top of that, his voice, as pointed out here before, sounds terrible on a sound track, and so do the voices of everybody else in his particular woods. The best scenes in the picture, such as the one in which a young skunk, a young rabbit, and Bambi are successively trapped by women of their respective species, are done almost entirely in pantomime. Incidentally, the ads that have been in the papers recently describing this as a "true-to-life" story are not to be trusted. As a matter of fact, animals don't talk at all.

THE 55th Street Playhouse has started one of those antiquarian series, the first revival on its list being D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." Theatre managers who undertake these projects run the risk of having customers wander out muttering complaints to the effect that movies are made much better nowadays, and so they are. What you have to do when you're seeing an old-timer like "Intolerance," of course, is watch for the little touches, like Griffith's practice of having everybody, no matter how far in the background of how crowded a mob scene, doing something, or for the big touches, like the battle sequence between the Babylonians and the Persians. Or you can watch for Erich von Stroheim, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, and Eugene Pallette, all of whom are in the film and most of whom are nearly impossible to find. Or you can listen to Dr. Savage, the Playhouse's organ accompanist and a Chippewa Indian to boot.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

These men say "lying around idle" in many factories are tons of steel, aluminum, copper and housewives, now let's get in to see what is stacked up there, a machine gun manufacturer suggested.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Might be worth a peek.

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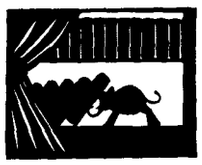
BOOKS

Last Man Out—Another War Novel—"Van Loon's Lives"



"A FINE-LOOKING fat apple with a tight, red, shiny skin, which was rotten in the core." There you have Hitler's Reich knocked off in a confident phrase by young Howard K. Smith, who followed Flannery (who followed Shirer) as C.B.S. Berlin correspondent and got out of Germany, the last American correspondent to leave freely, just as Pearl Harbor burst on the world.

Mr. Smith's report, "Last Train from Berlin," is an extraordinary document. Interesting as it is, I am not at all sure that it should be recommended widely, for its effect on the reading public may hardly be salutary to the successful prosecution of the war. Mr. Smith is an unrestrained optimist. He is convinced that ever since October 9, 1941, when Dietrich, the German press chief, informed his nation that the Russian Army was practically annihilated, the Reich has been, in consequence of the disillusionment that followed, steadily cracking up from within. His whole book is based on the theory that October 9th marked the high point of German morale, that ever since there has been, despite the adrenalin of military victories, a progressive internal failure of nerve and heart. The Berliner, in particular, he diagnoses as a sick man who, when further raids come (and he thinks they never should have been discontinued), will simply not be able to take it.

Mr. Smith backs up his general position with a mass of fascinating detail. If it were not for the obvious fact that the Germans are still winning this war and that we have heard nothing *definite* to suggest a crack in the home-front morale, we might well find ourselves persuaded by Mr. Smith that the economics of German life are in decline, that the Jews' scapegoat value is exhausted, that the Germans are scared stiff of America, that the Protestant and Catholic Churches, the Prussian military caste, and the Communists are exerting a disintegrative influence, etc. It would be pleasant to believe this but dangerous to wage war on the basis of such a belief.

Mr. Smith, however, thinks we should. He believes that the Germans are hanging on simply because they are terrified at the thought of letting go. If we can offer them a real alternative to extermination (Total Democracy is his phrase, and not a bad one), the nation, though it may not succumb to actual revolution, will fall into our hands. I believe Mr. Smith, an earnest young man with a good heart, is one hundred per cent wrong about this, and suggest that he read Raoul de Roussy de Sales' "The Making of Tomorrow." The world has been appeasing the Germans ever since their human wolf packs broke out of their forest lairs in the time of Arminius. The result is a Europe on the verge of suicide.

If you guard against taking too much easy comfort from Mr. Smith's book, it should prove highly educational. It offers the best sketch of actual German living conditions that has yet reached us. It is eloquent and detailed in its analysis of the Gestapo. It describes with power the manner in which the children have become unalterably Nazified. ("This is a war to stop little twelve-year-old Hans and Fritz," says Mr. Smith in one of his more illumined moments—the little Hanses and Fritzes to whom, on another page, we are asked to offer Total Democracy.)

In general, Mr. Smith is first-rate on detail and fuzzy in his conclusions. One wonders what the Russians, who have been doing the dying, would make of his basic conviction that victory is almost in the bag—except, they might say, for the fighting.

FOR a twenty-three-year-old, "Signed with Their Honour" is considerable book. It would have been even better if the author, James Aldridge,

"Nobby Harris says he'll kill himself if I don't lend him three dollars."

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RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK

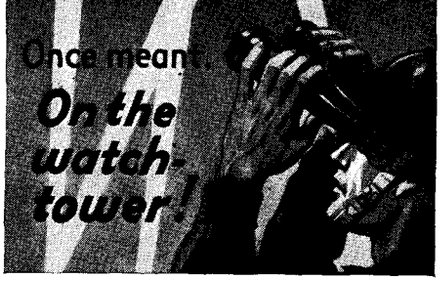
had not tried to make it so considerable, if he had omitted his love story (stock Hemingway, as every reviewer will wearily point out) and his final chapters on the "significance" of the war, and left the book what it essentially is—a tense, knowledgeable tale of adventure in Greece and Crete during the Balkan debacle. Mr. Aldridge's tales of dogfights with Italian airmen, of bombings, of escapes, of wounds, of crashes, of death and massacre, and of stupidity in the British High Command are all well done, if a little mannered in their laconicism, but his hero, British Flight Lieutenant John Quayle, and his Greek heroine, Helen Stangou, are just a young man's fancies, bravely romantic and, though it wrings the heart to say so, a trifle absurd.

The air stuff is terrific, several cuts below Saint-Exupéry for feeling but tops as pure, tense narrative. It rings true, too. The airmen sound like what they probably were in those days—tough, monosyllabic, deliberately stripped of emotion, and naïve about the war. (If you weren't tipped off, it would be hard to say on which side they were fighting.) It took Greece and Dunkerque and Corregidor to teach them—and us—that this war is not merely a struggle for survival but a struggle between two kinds of men, and that each of us must choose his kind and stick to it.

INTO the dead centre of war and holocaust comes the voice of the humanist, Hendrik Willem van Loon, reminding us that the curious, intense life of the mind goes on, century after century, amid catastrophe, good and evil fortune, the apathy, the cruelty, the persecutions of men. The inexhaustible van Loon, surely the nearest thing we have to the inexhaustible Voltaire, pops up with "Van Loon's Lives,"

EVERY WORD CONTAINS A HIDDEN STORY OF ITS ORIGIN

Alert!



ALERT, now meaning "air raid alarm!", comes from early French *à l'erte,* "on the watch." This, in turn, came from Italian *all'erta,* "on a watchtower or height." When the first field hospital was organized to follow an army, the French called it *hôpital ambulant,* "walking hospital," from the Latin *ambulare,* "to walk." Eventually *hôpital* was dropped and *ambulant* became *ambulance,* a vehicle for conveying casualties. The brass trumpet now blown by a bugler got its name from the ox which supplied the first *bugle,* or hunting horn. Middle English *bugle,* "wild ox or water buffalo," was in turn derived from Latin *buculus,* "young bullock." *Sabotage,* now the malicious hindrance of production, comes from French *saboter,* "to work carelessly"—originally, "to tread with wooden shoes, or *sabots.*"

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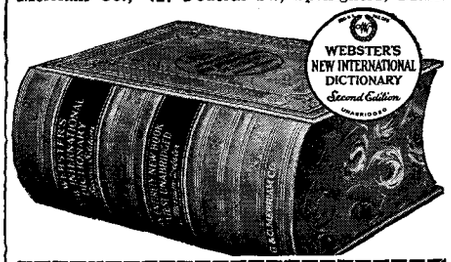

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887 pages that comprise a modern Plutarch.

To his native town of Veere in Holland and to his hospitable board come for general conversation a succession of conjured-up figures: Erasmus, who acts as a sort of guardian ghost, William the Silent, George Washington, the Bachs and the Breughels, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, a couple of early medieval archbishops, Descartes and Emerson, the Empress Theodora and Queen Elizabeth, Robespierre and Torquemada, those two precursors of Hitler, St. Francis, Beethoven, Napoleon, Plato, Confucius, Voltaire, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Montaigne, Rabelais, Emily Dickinson, Chopin, Franklin, Nansen, Thomas Jefferson, and other guests.

Most literary men have at one time or other in their lives played with this fancy, but van Loon has the easy erudition, the humor, the wide tolerance, and the dramatic instinct to take the fancy and make a fine, hearty book of it. And he has illustrated it, too, with dozens of his own pictures in black and white and in gay, solid color. It makes heartening reading in these days, for every casual, free-flowing page is filled with that quality the radio and the newspaper have almost destroyed for us—the quality of glimpsing the odd and sometimes frightening activities of man in the non-distorting mirror of historical perspective.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

GET THEE BEHIND ME, by Hartzell Spence. The preacher's son of "One Foot in Heaven" goes bucketing into adolescence in the nineteen-twenties, upsetting the world and his father, who knew what was right but also knew when he was licked. Rather mild for that period, but you'll probably find it at least as anecdotal and full of chuckles as the earlier book. The author, by the way, is now executive editor of *Yank*, the Army newspaper. Pictures by Donald McKay.

THE PRINCIPLES OF POWER, by Guglielmo Ferrero, translated by Theodore R. Jaeckel. Last book of a trilogy by the late Italian historian. This volume supplements the theme of the preceding one, "The Reconstruction of Europe," by examining the pattern of "illegitimate" government or government by fear (Bonapartism, Fascism) in contrast to "legitimate" government or govern-

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ment in good faith (democracy and hereditary monarchy). Despite some remarkable insights, the author never quite gets to the heart of the problem, though at his best he writes with something like the generous breadth of the great Renaissance Humanists. The translation is occasionally ragged.

BRAZIL UNDER VARGAS, by Karl Loewenstein. Ferrero (see above) would have been hard put to it to make present-day Brazil fit into either of his categories. Professor Loewenstein, a specialist in constitutional law, describes the Vargas government as authoritarian rather than totalitarian, a fairly well-liked *régime personnel* adapted to a tolerant social tradition. His book provides us with the first thorough technical study of the political, legal, and administrative setup of our newest ally. Map.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THE LAND. Stephen Vincent Benét on Daniel Webster, Carl Van Doren on Franklin, Wendell Willkie on Carl Schurz, Bowers on Jefferson, Sandburg on Lincoln—in all, twenty-eight essays about famous Americans of the past by as many contemporary Americans. A well-edited and stirring collection, suggested by the Treasury Department. An introduction by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and illustrations by Charles Child.

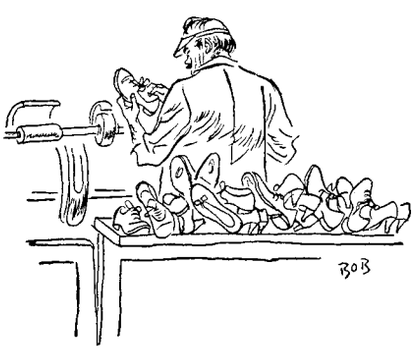
THE NEW INVITATION TO LEARNING, edited by Mark Van Doren. More transcripts of the interesting literary dialogues taken from the C.B.S. radio program, "Invitation to Learning," covering a variety of writers, from Aeschylus to Lewis Carroll.

OUR NEW ARMY, by Marshall Andrews. A small book carrying a big punch, this tells the story of how farmers, haberdashers, and clerks are being transformed into an army as tough as any on earth. They're all here: paratroopers, tank destroyers and drivers, airmen, cavalry, and infantry, plus the ideas that lie behind their up-to-the-minute training.

ON GROWTH AND FORM, by Sir D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson. Revised and enlarged edition of a profound work dealing with the biological problems of growth and form and their relation to mathematical laws. Why plants and snowflakes take the shape they do, symmetry and asymmetry in nature—all fascinating stuff if you have the head for it. Profusely illustrated.

ADMIRAL SIMS AND THE MODERN AMERICAN NAVY, by Elting E. Morison. The life, written in rather uninspiring detail, of a great and foresighted seaman who, as the author well says, "remembered Pearl Harbor before it happened." The Navy is slowly learning some of the lessons Sims tried to teach it during his forty years of service. Illustrated.

THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR, by Wood Gray. This sound study of the Copperhead movement, never before so adequately explained, shows that there were plenty of odd parallels to the defeatists, appeasers, and Fifth Columnists of our own day. Even during the Civil War the Union was denounced by a leading Chicago newspaper. Maps and illustrations.



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JOHN MOSHER

JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER came to work for this magazine in 1926 and served it well until his death last week. As a manuscript-reader, he had the rare faculty of being able to recognize the value of a contribution even when it was totally foreign to his own urbane and rather subtle taste. His editorial judgment has been responsible for much of the tone of *The New Yorker* and the appearance in it of a great many new writers. As a moving-picture critic, he was something of an anomaly—an extremely sophisticated man dealing with the most innocent of all media—but even in reviewing films that must have seemed to him intolerably silly and boring he wrote with restraint and was never dull. The fiction he produced from time to time, and collected in a book called "Celibate at Twilight," was a very accurate mirror of its author's personality—witty, perceptive, and informed by a deep and tolerant knowledge of the world. He was one of the most delightful companions we have ever known, and we record his death with a heavy sense of loss.

—THE EDITORS

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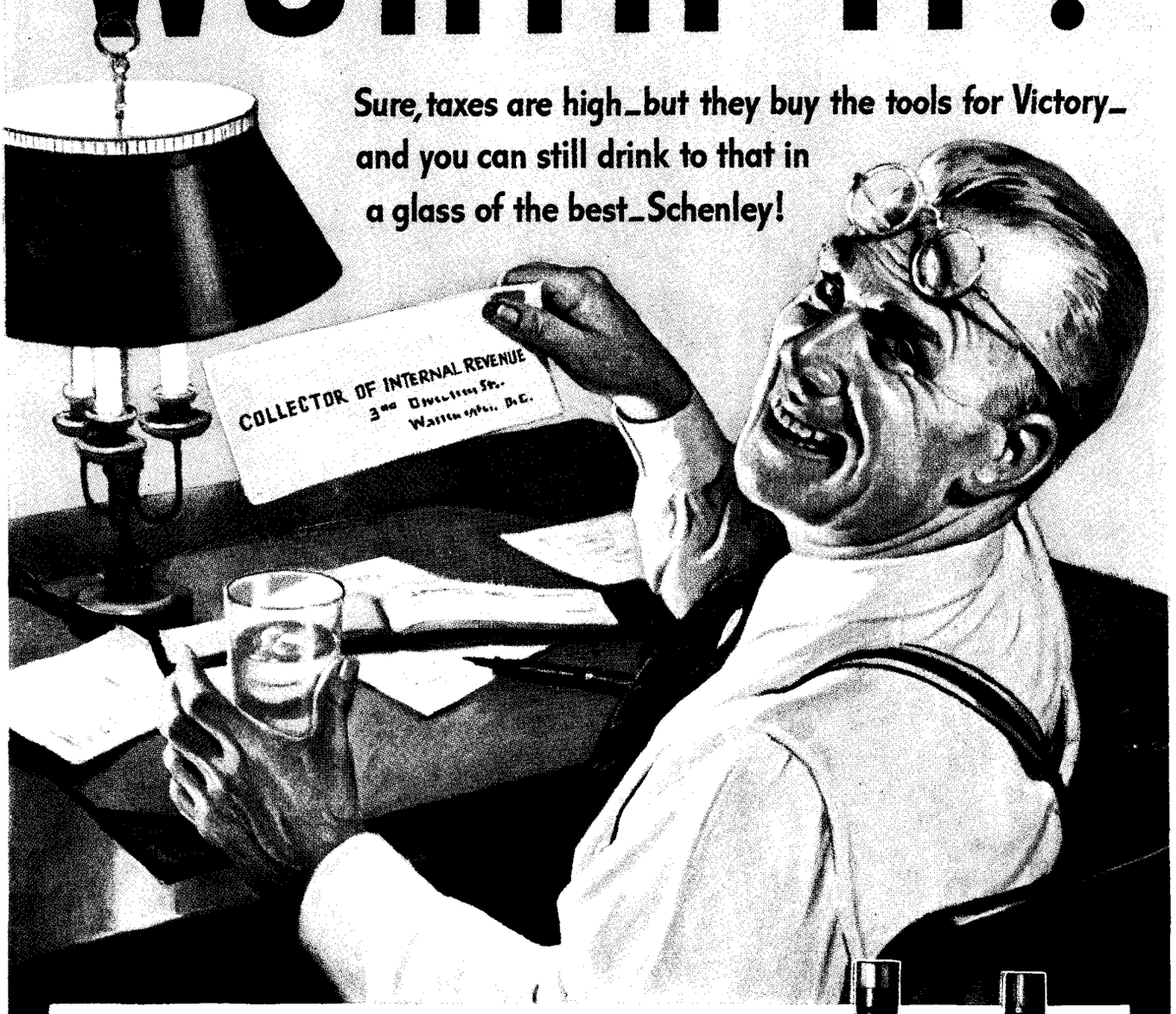

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